

Yer Annos



King's Hall, Compton

1962

Per Annos

June 1962



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Editorial

The Value of a School Magazine

When the harassed fathers and business men receive our annual pleas for advertisements, they wish, perhaps, that all school magazines might be eradicated, for of what value are they? Certainly the literature may not be compared to that of the great writers, and the reports may be found dull by many. Nevertheless, to my mind, a school magazine is of great value.

I am sure that all those fathers and business men whom we approach, and for that matter, all school and college graduates — spend many pleasant hours browsing through their old school annuals. Besides recalling forgotten experiences, a magazine serves as a useful reference book. Here one can find not only the addresses of former friends and teachers, but also news of their recent activities. Parents who hope to send their sons or daughters to a given school, have a clearer insight into its life from the magazine than from the limited prospectus. Parents whose children are already attending the school read the magazine avidly in the hope of seeing an article or poem by their talented offspring. They also appreciate the opportunity of comparing their child's work with that of other pupils. Students from other schools read their "Exchanges" from cover to cover, genuinely interested in seeing what other schools are like and in getting ideas to enrich their own school life.

More specifically, the organizing of a school magazine is of great benefit to those on its editorial staff. Although a certain proportion of the work is done by the teachers, there is still a great deal for

the editorial staff to do themselves. This work develops leadership ability, as it is necessary for the editors to conduct meetings and to instil enthusiasm into the school body. The editors must also learn to meet "deadlines" set by an outside business firm. If the magazine is to come out in June, the publishers must have all the copy by a definite date. Above all, the production of a magazine teaches its editors to shoulder responsibility, as the reputation of the school is at stake.

The greatest benefit of a school magazine is, however, to the students as a whole. It encourages them to develop latent literary talent in writing stories and poems, because the chance of having their efforts published is a strong incentive. Who knows that getting something published in the school magazine may not inspire a potential author or poet to win renown in the future? The writing of reports furnishes good practice for the future secretary of a club or organization. In the pages of the magazine the students can read the work of their friends and compare it with their own. Above all, the publication of a magazine unites all the students in an effort to produce something worthy of the school.

I am sure, therefore, that we shall all agree that a school magazine is worth not only the money spent on advertisements, but also all the work and time so many people put into it. We should like to thank all those people and also our sponsors, for making it possible to produce this year's **Per Annos**.

The Magazine Committee wish to thank all the people who so willingly and efficiently typed manuscript for the publishers, especially Janet Burgoyne and Hope Haslam. Between them these two typed about half the Magazine. Others were Jill Stocker, Marcia Pacaud, Frances Budden, Willa Magee, Lalage Wright, Betsy Cox, Pamela Fletcher, Dilin McLernon, Carolyn Gibson, Charlotte Stinson, Andrea Jellicoe, Cynthia Eke, Anne MacDonald, Anne Evans, and Sheila Salmond.

To the Staff Advisers who gave so much time to **Per Annos** the committee extends a sincere 'Thank You.'



Miss Gillard

King's Hall,
May 10th, 1962.

My Dear Girls:

It seems strange that after all these years I should still find it so much more difficult to write to you than to talk to you, but such is the case. There are so many things I should like to bring before you but alas! time and space are limited. So, after much thought, I have decided upon an old theme — "The Hundred-Point" man or woman.

A banker was once asked to report on the sense of responsibility of a certain person. The answer came back, thus, "He is a Hundred-Point man in everything and anything he undertakes." Of how many of us can it be truly said we are "Hundred-Point" persons? Unfortunately, such people are not plentiful.

Let us stop to consider what would be some of the outstanding qualities of a "Hundred-Point" person. I think you will agree with one writer who says they are these. "A 'Hundred-Point' person is one who is true to every trust: who keeps his word: who is loyal to his group: who does not listen for insults or look for slights: who is moderate in his eating and drinking: who is cautious and yet courageous." I should like to add to these — one who is courteous: who is considerate: who is gracious and serene: who is too big to be petty.

"Hundred-Point" people vary much in ability; they may be rich or poor. But this is always true — they are safe to deal with whether they are bank-presidents or truck-drivers.

So let me plead with you all, but particularly with those who are about to step out into a broader life, no matter what degrees you may in future have the right to place after your names, try to live so that one day you will be worthy of the greatest of all distinctions — the degree of H.P. — "Hundred-Point."

Yours affectionately,

Adelaide Gillard.

Head Girl



CATHERINE STEWART—"Cathy"
Pointe Claire, Quebec

Macdonald
1955-62

"Troubles are tools with which God fashions us for better things."
Activities:—Head Girl; Junior Prefect; Form Captain IV B to Matric;
Sports Captain V B, V A; Library Committee; Choir; Glee Club;
Literature Club; Current Events; Dramatics; Junior Red Cross.
Sports:—Soccer - School; Volleyball - House.
Favourite Pastime:—Expressing the things which mean most to me
in poetry.
Theme Song:—La Vie en Rose.
Ambition:—To be a children's nurse.

Head Girl's Letter

Dear Girls,

I hadn't realized until now how difficult it would be to say goodbye to all of you and to the school I shall always love. I know I shall miss your one hundred and forty-seven smiles and the freckles and "mops" that go with them — so much in the future. It seems like only yesterday that I was a little junior, gazing with awe at the seniors, and wondering rather doubtfully if I'd reach Matric. someday.

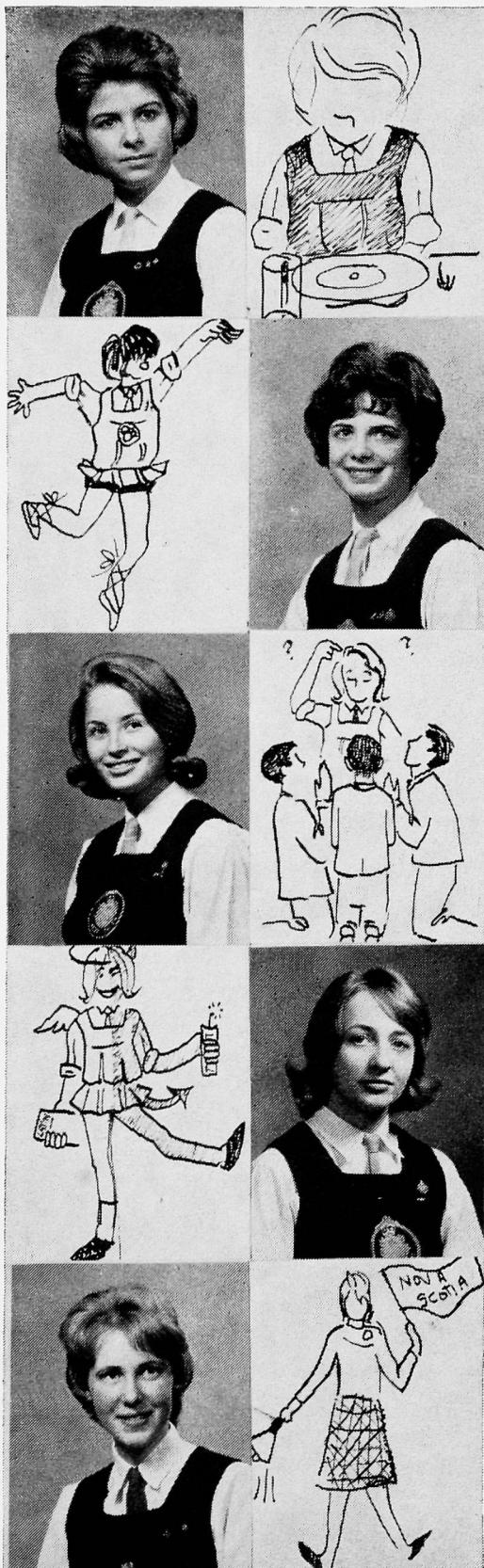
There have been times this year for all of us when it seemed as though the clouds would never lift to let the sun shine in, but "every cloud has a silver lining," and I find I remember the happiness best of all.

You know as well as I do, that we could not ask for a more wonderful and understanding Head Mistress than Miss Gillard, and I realize now how very precious her words of advice will be to me when I am on my own, and how the Staff and their endless patience have made learning, as well as times of fun, a part of my treasured memory of school days.

I just want you to know that with all my heart I have loved being your Head Girl, and when to-morrow comes, you will mean just as much to me, if not even more.

CATHY.

Prefects



SUANN CROSS—"Swan"
Pointe Claire, Quebec

Head of Macdonald
1958-62

"Born with the gift of laughter and a sense that the world is mad."
Activities:—Library Committee; Literature Club; Current Events;
Dramatics; Junior Red Cross; Choir.
Sports:—Soccer - School; Volleyball - House; Tennis; Skiing; Swimming;
Badminton.
Theme Song:—"Put on a Happy Face."
Ambition:—Interior Decorator.
Probable Destination:—Interior Decoration.

SHAUN O'BRIEN
Westmount, Quebec

Prefect on Macdonald
1959-62

"I agree with no man's opinion;
I have some of my own."
Activities:—Form Captain VI A; Sports Captain VI B; Library Committee;
Glee Club; Literature Club; Current Events; Junior Red Cross.
Sports:—Soccer - School; Volleyball - House; Swimming; Tennis; Skiing.
Ambition:—To be a secretary to a stock broker.
Probable Destination:—Causing another market crash.
Pet Aversion:—My initials.

ROSITA CARIDI—"Ro"
Barranquilla, Colombia, S.A.

Head of Montcalm
1955-62

"The mind is everything; What you think, you become."
Activities:—Junior Prefect; Form Captain IV B; Sports Captain V B;
Library Committee; Literature Club; Current Events; Dramatics;
Junior Red Cross Secretary.
Sports:—Soccer - House; Volleyball - House.
Theme Song:—"It's Been a Long, Long Time."
Ambition:—To go to college.
Probable Destination:—Being a "Mrs. Freshman!"

MARGARET MATTHEWS—"Maggi"
Lennoxville, Quebec

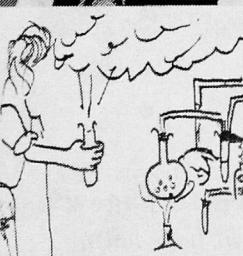
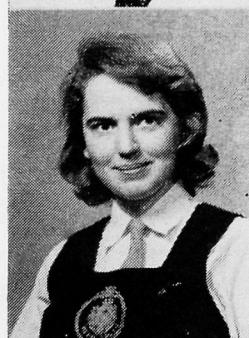
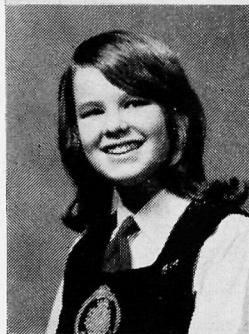
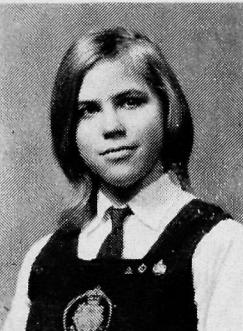
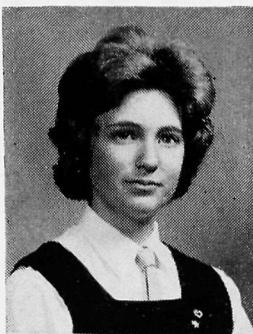
Prefect on Montcalm
1960-62

"Get thy tools ready; God will find the work."
Activities:—Form Captain VI A; Magazine Committee; Choir; Literature
Club; Current Events; Junior Red Cross.
Sports:—Soccer - House; Volleyball - House.
Ambition:—None.
Probable Destination:—Adviser for people with no ambition.
Pet Aversion:—People who put wings and a halo on me.

JOYCE LESLIE
Halifax, Nova Scotia

Head of Rideau
1958-62

"Whatever you do, do wisely, and think of the consequences."
Activities:—Form Captain VI B; Head of Library Committee; Literature
Club; Current Events; Campanologist; Junior Red Cross.
Sports:—Soccer - House; Volleyball - House; Badminton; Swimming.
Favourite Pastime:—Trying to make myself heard.
Ambition:—To go to McGill.
Probable Destination:—Teaching myself to say farm instead of fahrr-m.



Matrics

GILLIAN ANGUS—"Gill"
Westmount, Quebec

Macdonald
1959-62

"Four be the things I'd rather be without;
Love, curiosity, freckles and doubt."

Activities:—Choir; Literature Club; Magazine Committee; Current Events; Junior Red Cross.

Sports:—Basketball - Form; Soccer - House; Volleyball - House; Skiing; Tennis; Badminton.

Prototype:—Freckles.

Theme Song:—"Wake Me When It's Over."

Pet Aversion:—People who think that I am small.

SUSAN BRAINERD—"Bra-a-a-a-a-a-inerd"
Montreal, Quebec

Rideau
1957-62

"Courage mes amies! Le diable est mort."

Activities:—Library Committee; Magazine Committee; Choir; Glee Club; Literature Club; Current Events; Dramatics; Junior Red Cross.

Sports:—Basketball - House; Soccer - House; Volleyball - House; Tennis; Badminton; Skiing.

Ambition:—To Speak French, Spanish, German fluently.

Probable Destination:—Speaking Patois, Pidgeon and Pig-latin fluently.

Pet Aversion:—People who spell **Brainerd** wrongly.

HARRIET DUPONT—"Har"
Westmount, Quebec

Rideau
1958-62

"A little learning is a dangerous thing,

Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian Spring."

Activities:—Head of Library Committee; Editor of Per Annos; Choir; Glee Club; Literature Club; Current Events; Dramatics; Junior Red Cross.

Favourite Pastime:—Annoying my roommate singing—hymns!

Theme Song:—"Every Day, It's a-coming Closer."

Pet Aversion:—People who change the words of "Good News Chariot's a Coming" to "Good News Harriet's a Coming."

DIANE GALE—"Di"
Mackenzie, British Guiana

Montcalm
1959-62

"Poor and content is rich-and rich enough."

Activities:—Library Committee; Literature Club; Current Events; Junior Red Cross.

Sports:—Soccer - House; Volleyball - House; Swimming.

Favourite Pastime:—Being a friendly chatterbox.

Ambition:—To be an assistant Kindergarten teacher.

Pet Aversion:—People who pile all their books on my desk.

ANN GORDON
Pointe Claire, Quebec

Montcalm
1959-62

"Dimidium facti qui coepit habet: sapere aude."

Activities:—Magazine Committee; Literature Club; Current Events; Dramatics; Junior Red Cross.

Sports:—Basketball - House; Soccer - House; Volleyball - House; Skiing; Tennis.

Prototype:—Frankenstein.

Ambition:—To make test tube frogs.

Probable Destination:—Connoisseur of frogs' legs.

ELIZABETH HAMPSON—"Libby"
Montreal, Quebec

Macdonald
1958-62

"Tomorrow I purpose to regulate my room. . ."

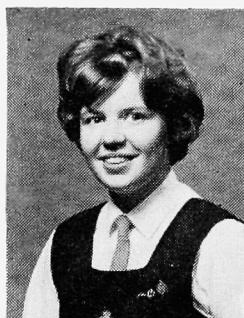
Activities:—Library Committee; Magazine Committee; Literature Club; Current Events; Dramatics; Junior Red Cross.

Sports:—Basketball - Form; Soccer - House; Volleyball - House; Tennis; Skiing; Swimming.

Favourite Expression:—"I'm not late again! . . . Am I?"

Favourite Pastime:—Worrying.

Pet Aversion:—Frizzy Hair.



ANNE HARRISON
Quebec, Quebec

Montcalm
1956-62

"Make my coffee strong."

Activities:—Library Committee; Magazine Committee; Literature Club; Current Events; Dramatics; Junior Red Cross.

Sports:—Basketball - Form; Soccer - House; Volleyball - House; Tennis; Swimming; Badminton.

Favourite Pastime:—Coffee.

Pet Aversion:—People who won't finish an argument.



HOPE HASLAM—"Op"
Hamilton, New York, U.S.A.

Macdonald
1956-62

"If a man be gracious and courteous to strangers,
it shows he is a citizen of the world."

Activities:—Library Committee; Magazine Committee; Choir; Glee Club; Literature Club; Current Events; Dramatics; President of Junior Red Cross.

Sports:—Soccer - House; Volleyball - House; Tennis; Skating.

Theme Song:—"Portrait of my Love."

Ambition:—Working IN the airlines.

Probable Destination:—First woman ON the moon!



ANN PATON—"Paton"
Town of Mount Royal, Quebec

Rideau
1960-62

Matric Sports Captain

"A man who trims himself to suit everybody
will soon whittle himself away."

Activities:—Sports Captain Matric.; Magazine Committee; Literature Club; Current Events; Junior Red Cross.

Sports:—Basketball - Form; Soccer - School; Volleyball - House; Skiing; Swimming; Tennis.

Favourite Expression:—"Utter Rot!"

Theme Song:—"Why Can't the English Learn to Speak."

Pet Aversion:—People who get up with the bell.



CYNTHIA PHILPOTT—"Cita"
Winnipeg, Manitoba

Macdonald
1960-62

"A dwarf on a giant's shoulder sees the farther of the two."

Activities:—Literature Club; Current Events; Junior Red Cross.

Sports:—Basketball - Form; Soccer - House; Volleyball - House; Skating; Swimming; Skiing; Badminton.

Favourite Expression:—"Well how 'bout that!"

Favourite Pastime:—Eating chocolate eclairs for breakfast.

Pet Aversion:—People who tell me I can't sing.

To see the Matrics as they used to be, turn to page 29.
If you do not recognize them, the list below will be a help.

1. ANNE HARRISON	11. LINDA FRASER
2. JOANNE HAMILTON	12. JILL STOCKER
3. JOYCE LESLIE	13. CATHY STEWART
4. MARCIA PACAUD	14. SHAUN O'BRIEN
5. MARGARET MATTHEWS	15. SANDY MILLER
6. ANN GORDON	16. LIBBY HAMPSON
7. JOAN WIGHTMAN	17. SUE BRAINERD
8. GILL ANGUS	18. ROSITA CARIDI
9. ANN PATON	19. HARRIET DUPONT
10. HOPE HASLAM	20. SUANN CROSS

Pictures Unavailable: — CITA PHILPOTT and DI GALE.

The School Year

1961

School Opened for the Christmas Term.....	Sept.	12
Appointment of Prefects.....	Sept.	15
Films on K.H.C. during the war, and Miss Menzies' travel pictures.....	Sept.	16
Matric. Field Day and Garden Party.....	Sept.	24
Thanksgiving Week-end.....	Oct.	7-9
Soccer Match — B.C.S. Prep. vs. K.H.C. at K.H.C.....	Oct.	18
Soccer Match — Bishop's University Girls vs. K.H.C. at K.H.C.....	Oct.	20
Tea Dance at B.C.S.....	Oct.	28
Bishop's University Plays.....	Nov.	3
Soccer Match — Bishop's University Girls vs. K.H.C. at Bishop's University.....	Nov.	6
Hallowe'en Supper and Party.....	Nov.	10
Soccer Match — Staff vs. Matrics.....	Nov.	15
Musical Evening at B.C.S.....	Nov.	18
The Red Cross Bazaar.....	Nov.	25
Miss Hazel's Talk.....	Nov.	25
National Ballet Company of Canada.....	Nov.	28
Swimming Gala.....	Dec.	1
Carol Service, Extracts from "A Christmas Carol" by the Juniors, Christmas Party.....	Dec.	10
School Closed for Christmas Vacation.....	Dec.	14

1962

School Re-opened for Easter Term.....	Jan.	9
"Charley's Aunt" — Lennoxville Players.....	Jan.	25
Mid-year Exams.....	Jan. 31 - Feb.	6
"Alcan" Movies.....	Feb.	9
"Macbeth" — B.C.S.....	Feb.	10
Slides on Russia — Mr. Charles Hart.....	Feb.	24
Slides on Africa — Miss P. J. N. Robinson.....	Feb.	25
Annual School Dance.....	Mar.	3
Snow Sculpturing Contest.....	Mar.	13
French Plays by Juniors.....	Mar.	18
Bishop's University Glee Club at K.H.C.....	Mar.	19
School Closed for Easter Vacation.....	Mar. 21 - Apr.	5
Sugaring-off at Mr. Johann's.....	Apr.	11
African Movies by Mr. M. Deucing.....	Apr.	14
Red Cross Evening.....	Apr.	29
Confirmation.....	May	12
Invitation Dance — B.C.S.....	May	19
Final School Examinations.....	May 29 - June	5
School Closing.....	June	6-7

THE MATRIC. GARDEN PARTY

Everyone rushed towards the old soccer field. It was Sunday, September the twenty-fourth. The Matrics. had organized many energetic activities: one-hundred dashes — junior, intermediate, and senior; sack races, played in the same divisions; a hilarious obstacle race — up, down and over protruding articles; and finally a junior and senior relay.

When we girls were huffing and puffing from our performances, though immensely relieved by Mr. Burt's tingling lemonade, our hearty and robust Prefects won an almighty tug-of-war against the Staff.

Miss Gillard presented the victorious players with their well-earned ribbons for placing first, second, and third. The girl with the most ribbons received a special prize.

At the end, after the sports, the weary players trooped into the school, bagged all the baths and showers in sight, and began to put on their fine regalia for the Garden Party.

Most people had spent the previous day laboriously manufacturing head gear for the occasion. No one could join the social gathering without a hat made by herself from King's Hall raw materials. At five o'clock all were assembled in front of Miss Gillard's house with their pretty frocks, gloves, and "Christian Dior" hats. A special note must be made of the Staff, who looked extra chic in their personally-made chapeau.

The Matrics. were very pleasing hostesses, bending to our every demand. They had spent many days in the Household Science Laboratory, making ample supplies of delicious goodies — cakes, cookies, and sandwiches to serve with tea and milk.

Every Form paraded around the lawn with their masterpieces sitting on their heads. The honourable judges were Miss Gillard, Mr. and Mrs. Roberts, and Mr. and Mrs. Gilpin-Brown. In each Form prizes were awarded to the owner of the prettiest hat and to the owner of the most original one. It was an extremely hard choice to make since everyone's hat was very dashing as well as very attractive.

K.H.C. snuggled into bed, rather replete, very happy and slightly drowsy after such a thoroughly enjoyable day.

ELIZABETH COOK, VI A.

MISS HAZEL'S TALK

On Sunday, November the twenty-fifth, Miss Hazel came to King's Hall to tell us about the work of the Sunday School by van. This is a home mission organization which works among Western Canadians who live in remote places where there is no Anglican Church or Sunday School. The vans bring Sunday School to them, teaching the children the exact lessons that urban children have in their regular Sunday Schools. Miss Hazel showed us a series of slides in which we saw the vans with their drivers, the teachers, the various routes followed, and groups of students in a number of different places.

Each van must have two people, a teacher and an experienced driver who must also be a skilled mechanic, since there are no garages in the remote roads on which the vans operate. The workers live among the people whom they are instructing. We learned that the activities of these missionaries are not a bit dull, but are full of excitement and challenge.

The progress made in the last ten years is incredible. I am sure I am not the only one who failed to realize how much missionary work there is to be done in Canada. After the enlightening talk, Catherine Stewart presented Miss Hazel with a cheque from the girls as our contribution to the splendid work of this missionary organization.

CAROLINE ARCHER, VI A.



THE TEA DANCE AT B.C.S.

The bus pulled in, excitement ran through the ranks, and everyone was tense as the line-up began. The enemy was waiting at the bottom of the pass (age). The leader shouted "Forward," and the comrades marched into the Tea Dance. By now the new recruits were almost frantic, but the old veterans knew the procedure well. Finally the much dreaded "introductions" were over and as the opposing sides relaxed a little, the battle got into full swing. The rivalry subsided as the battle neared half-time and the rations started to (dis) appear from the mess table. After several hours of battle the trumpets of both sides blew retreat, the leaders deciding it was a tie. The recruits, fatigued, flopped into their bus seats while the veterans gabbled about the best battle they had ever fought there!

LALAGE WRIGHT, VI A.
WILLA MAGEE

HALLOWE'EN

All Forms and Staff participated this year in the Hallowe'en skits and supper. The dining-room, decorated by the VI B's, and a delicious meal contributed to the gay spirits. The climax of supper was reached when three of the Staff — Miss Reid, Miss J. Macdonald, and Miss Robinson, sang some very entertaining Scottish songs, which were enjoyed by all.

Everyone then collected in the gym to watch and perform little skits. The Staff commenced the evening by a gym lesson with Miss Menzies. This was followed by several shows put on by each of the Forms as follows: IV A, "We Want Rain"; V B, "A Variety Show," in which they both danced and sang; V A, "A Hallowe'en Night on the Upper Corridor," visiting, of course!! VI B, "What did Delaware?" (They acted and sang the song). VI A, "Chiquita Banana," (they also put actions into each verse as they sang it), and finally the Matrics. represented Nursery Rhymes. Pinkle Sturgeon then sang several solos and the evening ended with the whole school having a "sing-song." Each girl received a chocolate bar before she wearily went up to bed after a very enjoyable evening.

PATRICIA BALLOCH, VI A.

NATIONAL BALLET REPORT

Thursday, November 28th, was the night that the National Ballet of Canada gave a performance at the Granada Theatre in Sherbrooke. We were fortunate enough to be able to attend it. Having arrived in good time we waited for the ballet to begin. While the orchestra was tuning up, our excitement mounted as we wondered what to expect.

Finally the curtain rose to show us the first part of a most entertaining evening. About six or seven numbers were danced. Some were parts taken from classical ballets and from modern ones. Unfortunately the stage was not large enough for big-group dancing.

Though most of the dances told a story there was one modern number which had no plot, and you could make your own interpretation of it — which we did! The dances were all done well and were enjoyable. A dance about a cat and a wolf amused us very much.

Although the performance lasted until one o'clock (our time) with two intermissions, we were not too tired to discuss the events of our wonderful evening as we were driven back in the buses.

JANE COLLIN, VI A.

U.B.C. PLAYS

On November third, some of the senior students attended the festival of short plays put on by the dramatic society of Bishop's University. The plays presented were "The Devil and Daniel Webster," a delightful comedy; "Hang Over thy Head," and a modernized version of "Antigone," the Greek tragedy. To recreate the atmosphere of ancient Greece, the seats were arranged in a semi-circle as they were in the theatre of Dionysus in Athens. All who went found it a most enjoyable evening's entertainment.

HARRIET DUPONT, Matric.

THE V A PLAYS

Much to the delight of the school, on March 16 the V A's put on two plays, "The Rose and the Cross" by Clifford Bax and "The Ugly Duckling" by A. A. Milne.

"The Rose and the Cross" was the more serious of the two. The main roles were played by Polly Wiessner, Victoria Stewart, and Judith Stairs, who all acted as if they had been born and bred in the parts. The story is about a young girl, Francesca, who had to choose between the serious life of her sister Pia and the gay, carefree life of her sister Giselda. After trying both kinds of life she realizes that neither of the extremes is the best; a happy medium is what she needs. The play ends with Francesca holding the rose, the symbol of gaiety, in one hand and the cross, the symbol of the ascetic life, in the other.

The second play, the well-known "Ugly Duckling" brought much amusement to the whole school. Beverley Bryant played the part of the king, and every movement had something humorous about it. The other main parts were played by Susan Buchan, the queen; Lee Elson, the Ugly Duckling; Joan Aitken, Prince Simon; and Catherine Lawson, the Cockney maid. The story is about a princess who is considered ugly by everyone, even her parents, but who has been secretly told that she is really beautiful and that the man who truly loves her will see her beauty. Her destined husband is Prince Simon. The wooing and the way the marriage is arranged constitute a humorous and charming surprise. The play was terribly funny. Most of the audience left the Prep. Hall with tears running down their faces from laughing so hard.

Miss Menzies directed the plays and I think everyone would agree that she and the V A's achieved a triumph.

PATRICIA BALLOCH, VI A.

CHARLEY'S AUNT

If ever a play was designed to cheer us up before exams, it was "Charley's Aunt." It was produced by the Lennoxville Players in the B.C.S. gym, and we went to see it on Friday, the twenty-sixth of January. When we arrived, we were a worried, over-studied group of girls. We left with aching sides and happy hearts. To say that it was funny is an understatement. It was hilarious. What made it all the more enjoyable was the obvious fact that the players enjoyed producing it just as much as the audience enjoyed seeing it.

An added source of interest was the appearance of two of our Staff in the cast — Miss Menzies as Ela Delahay, and Miss Hewson as Amy Spettigue. We all thought that they, along with the rest of the cast, played tremendously well.

I know that I am speaking not only for myself, but for every girl from King's Hall who went to see this play, when I say that "Charley's Aunt" was a success.

ESTHER FRANKLIN, VI A.



THE B.C.S. MACBETH

The more familiar one is with a Shakespearean play the more one enjoys it. This was true of the B.C.S. MACBETH, most admirably produced by Mr. Lewis Evans. The Matrics. had studied MACBETH intensively, and the other K.H.C. Forms had been introduced to it by their English mistresses, by Lamb, and by recordings. It was therefore with some background of knowledge and with genuine anticipation that on February 10, the School, from VI B to Matric., drove over to B.C.S.

The first scene of the play made a tremendous impact on the audience, the witches being presented most imaginatively. In fact the settings were all so imaginative that we were easily carried into the weird twilight land of **Macbeth**. The scenes were changed quickly and dramatically by changes in lighting; thus the disrupting return to "reality" was reduced to a minimum.

The interpretation of the plot was powerful, without any visible striving after effect. The young actors and actresses (the latter borrowed from the Lennoxville High School) deserve our praise for their naturalness and for their clear diction. The small details of gesture and stage business had the finish which comes from clear planning and assiduous practice. Thank you, B.C.S. We came, we saw, we enjoyed and admired.

MR. DEUCING'S ILLUSTRATED LECTURE

Here we were at last! We were on our way to Africa with one of the best wild-life photographers in the world. Our tour started on the Serengeti Plain in the drought season. We travelled with the wildebeeste on the long trek to water. We were shown how animals can live in times of danger and the amazing ways some escape the creatures who are hunting them, while at the same time catching their own prey. We saw the ways of life of many of the African beasts, from the wallowing hippopotamus to the tree-top-nibbling giraffe. Finally when the lion's tug-of-war over the zebra skull faded away and Mr. Deucing's amusing talk ended, it was hard to realize we were all in the Prep. Hall watching only a movie.

ANNE GORDON, Matric.

VI A LITERATURE CLUB

This year the VI A's began with an inferiority complex about literature in general. Quotations flew over our heads at a steady rate. What was needed was an introduction to literature unfamiliar to us but well-known to the average adult. Miss MacLennan and VI A had a discussion. What did we decide? A literary evening once a week was in order.

The first night we read and discussed a few modern poems and essays, and said something about their authors. The introduction was a pleasant one. Stephen Leacock's "A.B.C." made a great hit with us. Remember the time when Miss Keith and the dogs arrived, by accident, just in time for Miss Keith to tell us what a "parallelopoid" was? However, Miss MacLennan can answer all our ordinary questions.

Next we concentrated on Barrie's "Mary Rose," which strongly appealed to us all. Many were the speculations about "the end," as the bell invariably halted the reading at a dramatic point.

We have not always had to do our own reading however. Our interpretations of Shakespeare would probably "move his bones." We have a good collection of records and have heard — or hope to hear — **Julius Caesar**, **Macbeth**, **The Tempest**, **Romeo and Juliet**, and a condensed version of **Hamlet**. A translation of parts of Euripides' **Medea** is also on the programme.

Our Tuesday evening **rendez-vous** have been a great success, and genuinely appreciated.

CATHERINE WOOTTON, VI A.

THE RECITAL AT THE B.C.S. CHAPEL

On Sunday afternoon, February 18, the music lovers of Compton attended a concert in the B.C.S. Chapel, given jointly by the pianist Miss Betty Dawson and the B.C.S. choir, and assisted by the organist, Mrs. Bell. Miss Dawson, a former Comptonite, delighted us with her sparkling performance of the First Movement of one of Mozart's few piano concertos. The B.C.S. choir master, The Rev. Mr. H. G. Forster helped us to understand and appreciate the music by giving a short explanation of each composition. Mr. Forster also directed the choir in the beautiful chorus from Handel's "Messiah" — "Since by man came death. "Two boy sopranos sang the solos "Art thou troubled?" and "I know that my Redeemer liveth. "We also greatly enjoyed Mrs. Bell's "First Movement" of Schuman's "Concerto in A Minor." It formed a most interesting contrast to the piano Concerto with which the programme had opened.

The hour of music was intensely appreciated. We all hope that the B.C.S. choir will give another concert next year.

SANDRA HAMILTON, VI A.

PUBLIC SPEAKING

It was VI A and VA that were particularly interested in public speaking this year, some of the other Forms concentrating more on different activities. The V A's gave a number of short speeches in their composition classes. When they had gained some experience and confidence they had a Public Speaking Evening, attended by Miss Gillard and some of the Staff. The young speakers were imaginative and humorous as well as amazingly well-informed. They are planning a second Evening, open to the school.

The VI A's did some debating as well as public speaking. We had three debates, with Miss Robinson acting as Madam Chairman. The public speaking was directed by Miss MacLennan. After about fifteen girls had made five-minute speeches before members of their own class, ten were chosen to speak in the Prep. Hall before the whole school. Susan Clark was in the chair. The speeches were entertaining and informative. Many told of unusual places the speakers had visited. From among these speakers Elizabeth Cook was chosen to represent King's Hall at the St. Francis District semi-finals of the McGill Alumnae Association Public Speaking Competition for High School Girls of Quebec Province. Elizabeth's speech, "Medical Folklore" won her the privilege of representing the St.

Francis District in the finals, held in the Redpath Library of McGill on February 28th. Although Elizabeth did not "place" in this competition she spoke well and was complimented on her diction and her "poise on the stage." We are proud of her.

Another Public Speaking Evening is being planned. I know that we all got a lot of enjoyment and learned a great deal from the debates and the different speeches. We should like to thank all the Staff who helped and encouraged us in our efforts.

FRANCES BUDDEN, VI A.



THE LIBRARY REPORT

If you look into the lounge any evening after Prep. you will undoubtedly see a large number around the television and radio, but you will see almost as many centred around the bookshelves and the two girls on Library Duty. The School has been really enthusiastic about reading this year. It seems that almost everybody in VI A and VI B wanted to join the Library committee; consequently we have a very big one. The girls on the Committee have two special duties. Each is responsible for keeping one Library shelf in perfect order throughout the year, and each must take a turn "On Duty" once in every two weeks. The Library is open for exchange of books for about fifteen minutes every day except Sunday. The girls on the committee are also supposed to be familiar enough with the books on the shelves to advise those seeking "a good book."

One of the special Library problems is book-mending. We have arranged it so that if anyone finds a book that needs mending she puts it in a special cupboard in the lounge. On Saturday some volunteers from the Committee collect the week's accumulation and mend them.

During the first term the Head of the Library Committee was Harriet Dupont, assisted by Anne Harrison and Hope Haslam. Being Matrics, these girls had to resign at Christmas, and their places were taken by Anne Evans, Head, and Sandra Hamilton, Assistant — both of VI A. We all agree in congratulating Harriet and her assistants on their enthusiasm, efficiency, and tact.

Sandra and I should like to thank all the girls on the Library Committee for their co-operation and hard work. They made our task pleasant and not too difficult.

ANNE EVANS.

RED CROSS REPORT

This year has been a very successful one for the Red Cross, thanks to the enthusiasm and hard work of all the Comptonites. Everyone seems to have shown great interest in our many projects and I feel that each girl has understood more fully the importance of the work of the Red Cross.

On November 4th, I went to a Junior Red Cross High School Conference in Montreal. This conference was attended by representatives of the different schools in Quebec Province. I was very much impressed with the many films, speeches and discussions heard in those few hours. At this conference I was asked to give a talk on "The Necessity of Knitted and Sewn Garments for Distribution All Over the World." About two weeks later, in reporting to the school about the meeting, I tried to express the feeling we should all have towards the Red Cross; we should want to help others of our own free will, and not because we are **forced** to do so.

We were fortunate in being able to procure some very good Red Cross swimming films — which proved to be much enjoyed by all.

All the girls co-operated in our various raffles and money-making projects. On Thanksgiving weekend, we had a Red Cross Raffle. The prizes were as follows: first, a painting by Susan Brainerd; second, delicious home-made fudge, and third, a pillow in the form of a stuffed animal. The eyes were gold for Macdonald, the nose dark blue for Rideau and the mouth light blue for Montcalm. These features were shaped as much as possible like their respective House Crests.

Just before the Christmas holidays we had a Christmas Bazaar. It took place in the gym and had such booths as a fishpond, a fortune teller's, a penny-throw and a guess-the-weight. We also had as entertainment, a skit given by three of our new Staff, Miss Reed, Miss J. Macdonald, and Miss Robinson. There were also many goodies to buy, such as taffy-apples and cookies made in the Household Science Lab. We even had a Santa Claus at the door giving lollipops to all. The bazaar was most successful.

At the beginning of the final term, a raffle was held. This was a rose-coloured sweater with angora trimming knitted by Mrs. Montfort Haslam and won by Susan McCain. A final raffle is planned for later in this term — two hand-woven skirt lengths most kindly donated by Mrs. A. W. Sturgeon.

Throughout the year many of the Forms had special projects to earn money for the Red Cross. The IV A's held a most successful Cake Raffle; the V B's took up a silver collection at their weekly Red Cross meetings, when Mrs. Elliott would read to them as they sewed or knitted. The V A's put on two excellent plays and charged admission in aid of the Red Cross, while six of the V A's earned an extra \$1.47 by cleaning shoes. As the magazine goes to press the VI B's are preparing a play and intend to give us the proceeds. Here it is in order to correct an error inadvertently made in last year's magazine. The then V A's — present VI B's — had earned \$35.00 for the Red Cross. We regret that they were credited with only \$4.00.

Over the holidays each girl in the school was asked to buy a school supply, such as rulers, crayons, notebooks, etc. to fill a chest for a Greek school we adopted through the Red Cross. The school is the Elementary School of Asites Ano, and is located in Gortynos, on the Island of Crete.

While these extra events were going on, each person in the school was making as many garments as possible, or stuffing animals, or making scrapbooks. Some of the Forms met once a week with their Form Mistresses, while others, such as the Matrics., worked independently when they were able to spare the time from their class work. Most of the clothes would not have been finished without the help of Mademoiselle Gauthier, who not only supervised the sewing, but advised us and helped us to organize all the Red Cross work. On April 29th we had our annual Red Cross Evening. It was wonderful and the articles which the various Forms made were excellent. The Staff were also very kind in giving us many articles they had made during the year, for all of which we are very grateful.

I should like to thank all the Staff and the girls, especially those on the Red Cross Committee, for helping to make this year so successful. The Committee members are as follows: President, Hope Haslam; General Secretary, Nicola Druce; VI B Representative, Gertrude Leslie; V A Representative, Victoria Stewart; V B and IV A Representative, Nora Dean Dohney.

Before closing, may I wish the best of luck to next year's President. I feel sure that she will enjoy her job as much as I have done, because all the girls here are willing to work for such an important cause as the Junior Red Cross.

Financial Statement**Money Raised:**

Raffle at Thanksgiving.....	\$ 58.27
Christmas Bazaar.....	126.00
IV A Cake Raffle.....	53.05
Sweater Raffle.....	40.00
Money raised by V B.....	17.00
Money raised by V A.....	18.47

Total.....

\$ 312.79

Expenditures and Disbursements:

Enrolment.....	\$ 16.00
Calendars.....	1.00
Greek School Adoption.....	20.00
Sent to Miss How.....	100.00

Total Expenditures.....

\$ 137.00

Funds on Hand, May 1962 — \$175.79

Respectfully submitted,
HOPE HASLAM, President.

**HOUSEHOLD SCIENCE REPORT**

All girls from IV A to VI B inclusive take one hour of Household Science a week. The purpose of this course is to teach each girl the essentials of sewing, knitting, and — in the senior Forms — cooking. Each girl is taught to do neat work. Any problems she has are solved by Mlle Gauthier.

The girls of IV A and V B concentrated on sewing and knitting. They learned how to cut out patterns and to follow knitting instructions. They have produced many beautifully knitted scarves, mittens, and hats. They also sewed by hand baby pants, a few dresses, and some nighties. They are to be congratulated on their enthusiasm and on the great progress they made in Household Science during the year.

The V A's were introduced to cooking this year, while the VI B's did some advanced cooking, making such items as delicious cakes, muffins, salads, and various egg dishes. In their sewing classes the VI B's made many blouses, skirts, and pyjamas as well as knitting many articles.

There is a special Household Science course for girls who wish to major in this subject. The course starts in VI B and continues through to Matric. Seven girls are taking it, of whom four just started this year. They did advanced sewing and cooking by themselves, though naturally they consulted Mlle Gauthier, were advised by her, and had their

work judged by her. Each girl in the Special classes made at least one dress or skirt, besides numerous other articles. The cooking they did was chiefly cakes and candies.

The great enthusiasm for Household Science and the success achieved are due to Mlle Gauthier's cheerfulness and her readiness to help, outside class hours as well as during lessons. Much of the work produced in the Household Science classes was contributed to the Red Cross, and Mademoiselle let nothing pass until it was "perfect." In fact she herself put the "finishing touches" on countless Red Cross contributions. We thank her most deeply and sincerely.

JULIA CLARKE, VI B H.Sc.

**MISS CHAMBERLAIN'S
DANCING CLASSES**

Since 1959 Miss Chamberlain has been conducting ballet and ballroom classes once a week at K.H.C. This year she introduced Modern Stage as well to a large group of excited weight reducers, and dancing enthusiasts.

On Thursdays dancing begins at three o'clock in the afternoon, with a large Junior Ballroom class. This class is intended to give forty-five minutes of instruction in various useful dancing steps, such as the waltz, the cha-cha, and others. The Modern Stage class is held next — a forty-five minute period in which the body is exercised intensively from head to toe; this is especially good for co-ordination.

The Ballet class follows. It comprises six students, of whom four plan to take the Grade four examination on May ninth. These girls have only an hour a week, but they work hard under Miss Chamberlain's critical eye. Those preparing for the exam. were able to attend a ballet class in Miss Chamberlain's Montreal studio during the Easter holidays. Miss Hewson, who plays the accompaniments for the Modern Stage and ballet, has most kindly taught the girls the musical knowledge necessary for the exam.

The last dancing class of the afternoon is the Senior Ballroom, for six girls who took Junior Ballroom last year and are now practising a more difficult variety of steps.

Miss Chamberlain has done wonders in giving us some understanding and knowledge of dancing in its different forms. We should like to thank her for making the classes so stimulating and fascinating. We thoroughly enjoyed them.

SHIREEN FINCH, VI A.

THE CHOIR REPORT

After listening to many squeaky voices and flat scales, Miss Macdonald finally selected the choir of 1961-62. It consists of twenty-five members — six first sopranos, twelve second sopranos, and seven altos, with a few substitutes. Our Crucifer this year is Catherine Stewart, and when she is absent, Joanne Hamilton.

During the first term our efforts were concentrated on preparing the Christmas anthems. The ones we sang this year were as follows: "Gloria in Excelsis Deo"; a Latin round, "Beside the Cradle"; a chorale, "Lo, How a Rose e'er Blooming," from Bach's Christmas Oratorio; and "The Little Road to Bethlehem." On the last Saturday of term the choir got up at six o'clock and went carolling to the School, the Staff House, the Junior Cottage, the Rectory, and Mr. and Mrs. Gilpin-Brown's.

In the second term the choir was invited to St. George's Anglican Church in Lennoxville. On Palm Sunday, April 15, we assisted at the morning service there. Our anthems were "O Holy Jesu" and "I Waited for the Lord," by Mendelssohn, in which a solo was sung by Pinkle Sturgeon. As Easter was late this year we were back at school for it. During the service on Easter Sunday we sang an "Alleluia" with Pinkle taking the solo part.

The choir would like to thank Miss Macdonald for her enthusiasm and all the encouragement she gave us, though we must often have tried her patience. We enjoyed our year thoroughly.

SHIREEN FINCH, VI A.

SENIOR CURRENT EVENTS REPORT

This year we had a different type of Current Events meeting because the News Magazine programme, which we used to watch, was changed to a time when it was impossible for us to see it. We found the new sort of meeting much more interesting than the old. It consisted of talks on the Soviet Union, our main theme for the year. Each Friday evening either Miss Morris or Miss Robinson spoke to us. Miss Robinson gave very informative lectures on the geography of Russia, pointing out the advantages and disadvantages of its position; she also explained the various "Five-Year Plans" and the effect they had on the nation and its people.

Miss Morris's talks were on a different aspect of Russia, the history of the country, beginning with the Princes of Moscow and leading up to the present day. As the talks progressed, Miss Morris made clear the events which had led to the overthrow of the Czars and to the conditions prevailing to-day.

In about the middle of February, Charles Hart,

the brother of one of the girls, showed slides illustrating his recent trip to the Soviet Union. These gave an idea of the living conditions of some of the Russian people and also a glimpse of some of their impressive modern architecture.

Although we studied only one country we have learned a good deal about it and have, perhaps, gained a better understanding of Russia's problems and policies. JOYCE LESLIE, Matric.

JUNIOR CURRENT EVENTS

The V A and VI B Current Events groups were directed by Miss Menzies. Each of these Forms met once a week, and like the Senior group, each had a special study project, although many other subjects were also discussed.

The VI B's studied the need for nuclear disarmament, while the V A's studied aspects of life in contemporary Russia, including religion, education, agriculture and industry. Miss Menzies gave short talks to each group and directed the discussions. Different girls reported to the group on various books or articles they had read. The evenings stimulated interest and should help the girls to think more deeply and critically while reading the news. All thank Miss Menzies very much.

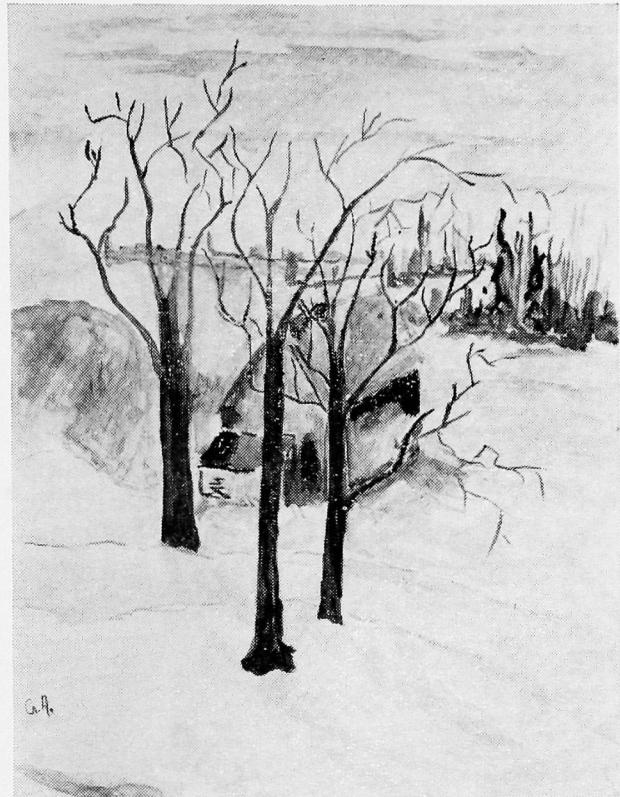
ART REPORT

This year, "Chez Artiste" was under the supervision of Miss Beaton, who comes to us from Saint John, New Brunswick. Special Art is, of course, still going strong, and every Wednesday afternoon finds many eager students expressing themselves in the studio.

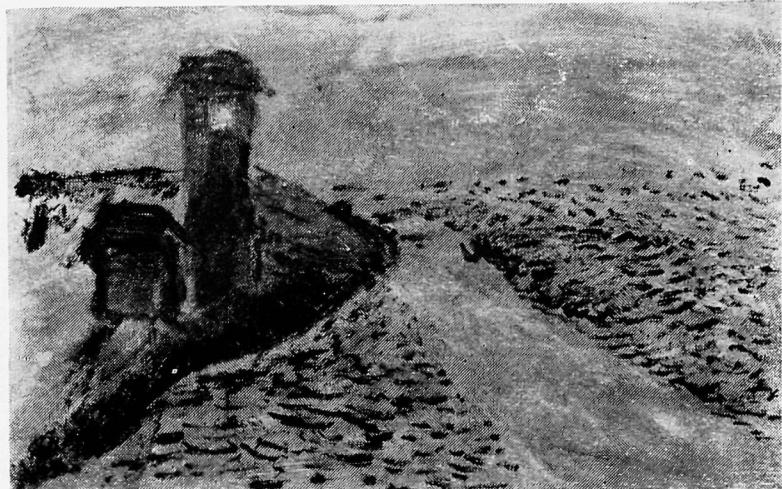
Decorations for special occasions are not to be forgotten. This year, the Hallowe'en decorations — done by the VI B's — were good and very realistic, what with a group of pumpkins stepping through a pumpkin's mouth, and coming face to face with a cauldron surrounded by wonderfully made black cats, bats and many other horrors pinned to the wall. It was really well done. The Formal Decorations were made by the VI A's, with the theme of "Around the World in Eighty Days." Their many brightly coloured posters of almost every country imaginable gave it a gay and exciting atmosphere.

All in all, it has been a very good year for Art. The art room is always full of different types of pictures: water-colour, poster-paint, charcoal and ink sketches, done by all the students. Design has been especially stressed. On the whole everything has been very good and we thank Miss Beaton for the help, advice, and cheer that she has given to us all.

ELIZABETH HAMPSON, Matric.



GILL ANGUS—Special Art



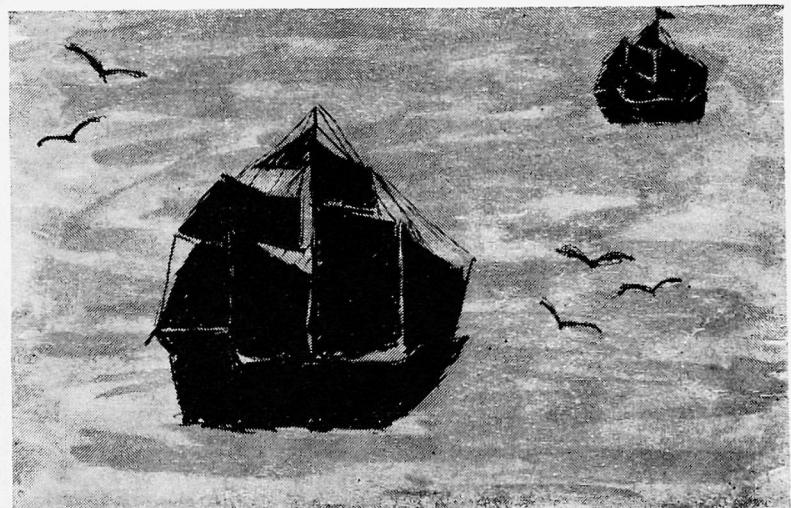
CATHY COOK—VI B.



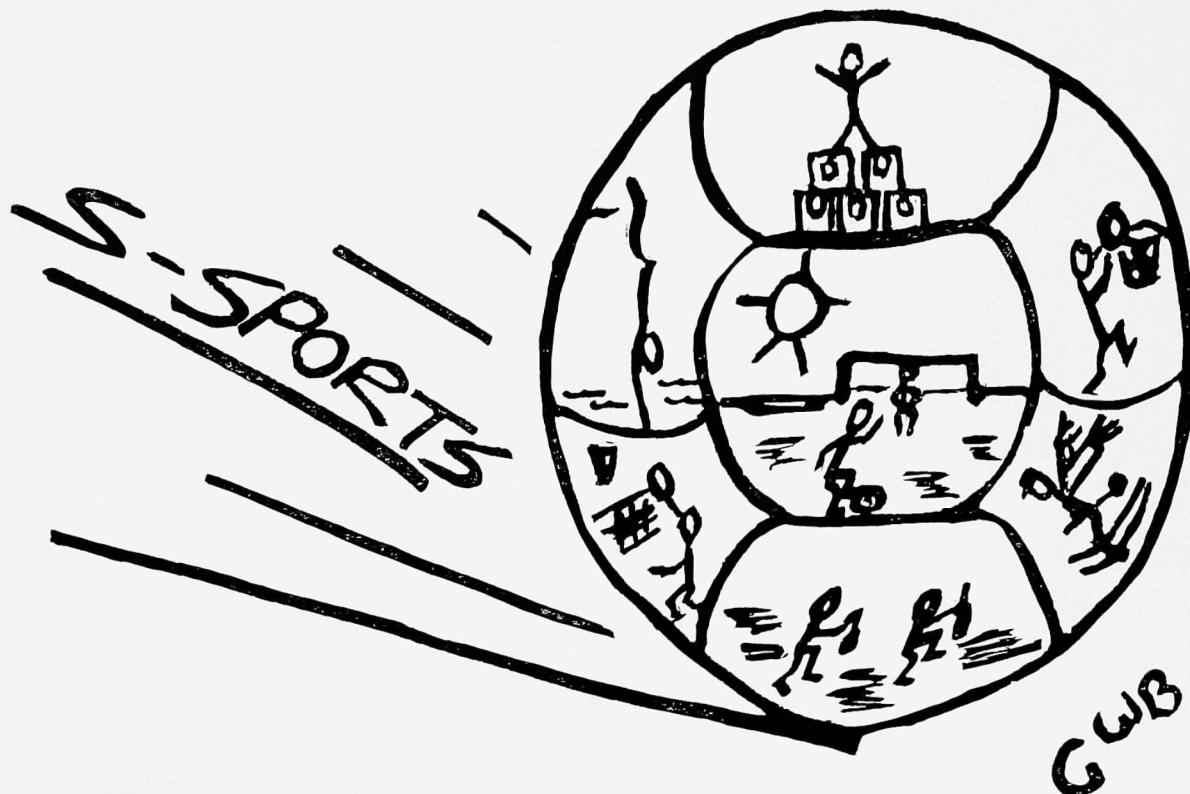
SUE BRAINERD—Special Art



BRIDGET BLACKADER—VI B.



JOY BALLOCK—V A.



SPORTS CAPTAINS' REPORT

Sports at King's Hall started early in the first term as the Matric. Entertainment was turned into a Sports Day, in which the whole school participated. Very soon afterwards the soccer team was picked and on behalf of the whole team we wish to thank Miss Keyzer and Miss Menzies for the interest and hard work which they put into the coaching of the team. The enthusiasm showed by the girls was brought out by the fact that despite the "Rip-Van-Winklish" tendencies of most of us, many could be seen running around the school or practising on the soccer field just after the rising bell! We feel that these efforts were rewarded in our games with Bishop's University and B.C.S. There was also a game between the Staff and the Matrics, which kept the Matrics on their toes all the time and proved to be a very even fight!

A Swimming Gala was held in the first term for House points; amusement was provided for spectators when several contestants fell in before the "On your mark! Get set! Go!" The diving drew many "Oohs" and "Ahs" from the audience. The "Gala" was so successful that we are thinking of having another in the very near future.

Basketball and badminton, which are usually played in the second term, were cut short by exams,

and the 'flu. However, a great deal of inter-House volleyball was played in the last few weeks of term.

Skiing started later than usual, snow conditions were poor until nearly half-term. However, ski enthusiasts were able to visit Hillerest regularly after that to improve their style and acquire the 'rosy cheeks' so dear to Miss Gillard's heart.

We are looking forward to much activity on the tennis courts, and already many would-be "Wimbledon" champions have entered the tennis tournaments.

Despite the traditional groans at the very mention of "House Games," a miraculous change occurs once the school en masse is collected in the gym. The spirit of all is outstanding.

The Magazine has to go to press before we can announce which House won the Sports Cup. One thing we can say, however, "If a cup were given for good-sportsmanship and effort — regardless of totals — each House would have one."

Your enthusiasm for sports has made it a very happy year for both of us. The best of luck to next year's Sports Captains.

Love,
SANDY and MARCIA.

SOCER REPORT

With the lovely autumn weather this year the soccer season was good. Nearly every afternoon, including Saturdays and Sundays, girls were on the field practising. During the first term we played three games: one with B.C.S. at K.H.C., and two with the B.U. Women's team, one at the University and the other here. We remained unbeaten (but not by much!)

Through the games and the practices shouts of "Accelerate" and "Down in a line . . . ohh" could be heard. They were from Miss Keyzer and Miss Menzies, our two coaches, whom we should like to thank very much for spending so much time training us and being so patient with us. We all hope that next year will be as successful and as much fun as this year has been.

ANTONIA WRIGHT, VI B.



SKATING AND SKIING REPORT

Because of the weather we had more skating than skiing this year. The skating began as soon as we returned in January and it kept up until almost the end of term. The rink was kept clear and flooded. Girls got out on the ice with hockey sticks; though there were no organized games, we had fun with our impromptu ones. Many were on the rink on Friday nights after Prep., but of course most of the skating took place after classes in the afternoons and on Saturday and Sunday afternoons. When the thaw came in the middle of March, the skates were packed away for use next year.

It was only during the last five weeks of term that we had enough snow for skiing. The farm hill across the road was in use quite a bit and many girls went cross-country skiing. It was four weeks before the end of term that we first went to Hillcrest. Conditions just had not been favourable. From then on, however, every Form had about an hour a week there. Each Form was divided into two or three groups according to ability. The beginners were given instruction, and the more advanced people skied with an instructor. After our hour on the hills we would all go into the restaurant to warm up with hot dogs and cocoa. Hillcrest was great fun while the snow lasted. Here's hoping for a better crop of snow next winter.

JANE COLLIN, VI A.

SWIMMING REPORT

After the whole school had been divided into groups last October, swimming was started at K.H.C. Frequent shouts of "Relax, kick! Relax kick!" were heard from the pool as Miss Menzies ably coached us in breast-stroke, back-crawl, front-crawl, and butterfly. Miss Menzies also taught us a new stroke, one that is used a great deal in long distance swims because it is so relaxing, the English back-stroke.

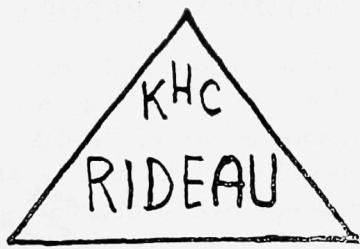
While most efforts were centred around swimming, we did do some diving in the first term. We concentrated mainly on the approach on the board and the entry into the water. The type of dive we did was unimportant, but whichever one was done was given as much criticism as the approach and entry.

Late in the first term a swimming meet was organized with races of all kinds for juniors, intermediates, and seniors. Each House had its special day in the pool for testing and timing the swimmers and divers. Finally the lists were drawn up and December first settled on as the day of the meet. After classes on that day everyone piled into the space around the pool, some in bathing-suits and others in raincoats. As well as races for speed we had tandem races, relay and obstacle races, style contests, and diving competitions. Miss Keyzer and Miss Robinson very kindly agreed to be the starter and scorer respectively, while Miss Menzies was the timer and judge. The meet was very exciting. Macdonald was the House that came out on top, with fifty-five points; Rideau came second with forty-four, and Montcalm pulled up the rear with thirty-eight.

In the second term we were somewhat late starting the swimming because of a defect in the water-heating system. When we did resume swimming, lessons carried on as usual, though we could not stay in very long because the water was still a bit cold. During one or two classes we learned some life-saving — how to rescue a drowning person and bring him to safety. Near the end of term, though, we unfortunately had to stop the swimming on account of a slight 'flu epidemic.

Everyone enjoys her time in the pool and many thanks are due to Miss Menzies for the variety of swimming skills she has taught us, and the enthusiasm she has inspired.

JANET BURGOYNE, VI A.



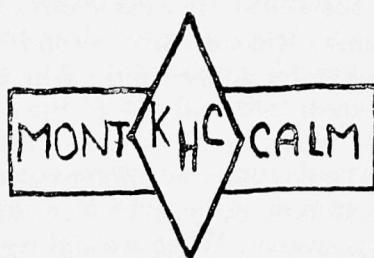
Dear Rideauites,

Sometime during the last term of each year your House Heads are given the privilege of writing a message to you for the Magazine. We should like to take this opportunity of saying how much we have appreciated your willingness to co-operate, and your cheerfulness in doing so. We mustn't forget to mention your matchless spirit in work and sports.

We are able to say that this year you have been keen competitors in sports with the other Houses and rivalled them in every thing you have done. We are sure you can keep this up to the end of the year, and perhaps you will be surprised with a victory.

We wish all the best of luck in the years to come to you and especially to your new Prefects of '63-'64. Vip says, "Hi!" and will be seeing you all next year.

Love,
JOYCE and JOEY.



Dear Montcalmites,

"What can we say
After we say —
Keep trying - - - ?"

Maybe it doesn't look as if we've been much of a success this year, but there is a little something that has been steadily growing since September — no, not **you**, but our **SPIRIT!!** You don't know how it warmed our hearts when, even at the occasional meetings when we had to tell you we had come last, you would end with a burst of cheers that shook the whole room!

We're proud of you, and we wouldn't change you for another group in the whole wide world! We've had our ups and downs, true, but hasn't it been fun in the long run? We've really enjoyed being your Prefects, and we hope that the Heads next year will have as good a time as we had.

Well, keep your halos straight, and the very best of luck to you all!

Lots of love,
Ro and MAGGI.



Dear Macdonaldites,

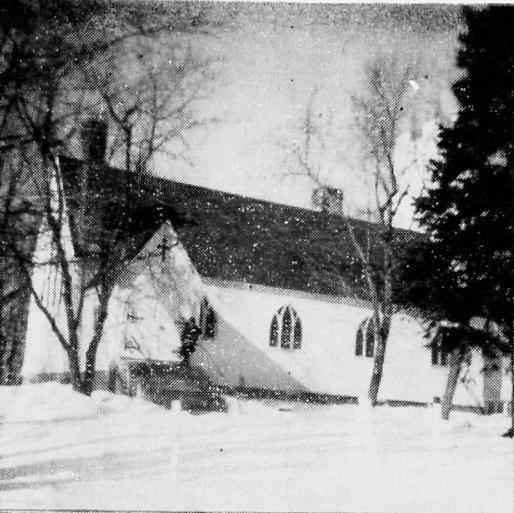
"One, two, three, march! One, two, three march! Where to? The typing room, of course, to do our weekly totals, full of expectations of coming first . . . second . . . third? You never can tell with our unpredictable ones. We anxiously search for the pluses, but those minuses keep popping up; for instance there is . . . "-10, raiding the kitchen;" "-5 rigging up a pully between rooms to pass notes more easily;" "-5, sending little toy trucks out into the corridor." (Tut, tut, young ladies of the corporation of King's Hall, Compton.) The adding machine climbs up that steep jagged cliff, perhaps, to achieve the precious first place, before the treacherous handle is pulled which gives us our final result. Suann bites her nails, and Shaun holds her breath, and there it appears: The TOTAL —

"You'll always be first place in our hearts!"

In all sports Macdonald has pep (thank goodness) that never dies down . . . even after 11.30 at night. In House Games, soccer, volleyball, and swimming, you are all out there striving and cheering. This spirit has helped you achieve your present first place. The race is not yet finished, however, but whether you win or lose, Macdonald, remember in all the years to come to work hard and never lose the wonderful spirit you have.

God Bless You All!

SUANN and SHAUN.



For Picture Captions and Credits, see page 34.

Matrics



MATRICS. PICTURE CREDITS

A Picnic on Windy.....	ANN PATON
Waiting for the Ski Bus.....	ANN PATON
Relaxing?.....	HOPE HASLAM
Snow Sculpture.....	ANN PATON
Hallowe'en.....	JOAN WIGHTMAN

A GLIMPSE OF LOVE

Love is the warm, happy feeling you find in a baby's smile,
Love is the beautiful autumn when the earth falls asleep for a while.
Love is a child's gentle whisper 'gainst the fluff of a kitten just born —
Love is a mother's soft shadow and the glow that her smile's always worn.
Love is the sparkling sunshine which escapes through the eyes of a boy,
And its magic is such that its treasures are found in the simplest joy!

Love is the silent contentment of your heart as you watch sunlight die —
Or morning's soft blush, a tumbling surf's rush, winking candles which light evening's sky.
Love is a kiss filled with softness from an innocent glow deep inside,
Holding hands with that someone who's special, with his laughter and warmth at your side.
Love peeps from your heart's happy corner, eternally life's gentle glow
For love is the breath of life's softness, though its depth — God alone is to know.

CATHERINE STEWART, Matric.

DREAMS

Everyone is familiar with dreams, but have you thought how many different types of dreams there are? There is the ideal, the escape into more pleasant surroundings, wandering thoughts, stories you wish would come true, and simply visualized wishes. There are also trances, premonitions, delirious dreams, day dreams, dozing dreams and regular night dreams. Trances, premonitions and delirious dreams are abnormal — and I'm not talking of these, but of the ordinary dreams that we all have.

I think there is nothing nicer than dreaming at night. No matter where you are, or what your surroundings, the night is yours and yours alone, for thinking and dreaming. In these dreams you can achieve the impossible — fly in the air without wings or switch from China to Europe in a split second. You can achieve your goals and be anyone you wish. Sometimes, I agree, it is very pleasant to wake up and find yourself free from someone who was chasing you and who kept on gaining all the time, or to find that you aren't smashed to bits after falling interminably down a flight of stairs. These dreams are not nice; however, they do help you to appreciate the good ones, and isn't it wonderful to awake from a bad dream to the peace and quiet and the cold, clean darkness of your room?

Another type of dream, the day dream, depends on the individual. Some people just cannot day-dream, but many can, and find it a wonderful escape from other more tedious things. For myself, I find it very easy to conjure up a picture of myself with someone I like, or myself in Mediaeval times. I can transfer myself from a cold bare room to a warm wood, my feet dangling in an icy brook, where the smell of sweet grass is strong, and the sun filters through the trees making patterns on the grass, and on the other trees. Or, I can change to a different place, equally enchanting to me — walking down a beach at sunset, picking up shells and other trifles, and smelling the salty air, with the surf thundering rhythmically, and the cold damp sand underfoot. These are only two of the thousands of scenes which I picture and can actually enjoy even though I am not there. It takes a lot of imagination to day-dream, but it also takes memory — the setting of a book you have just read, or where you went two summers ago — these little smatterings of memory all piece together to make a perfect scene.

You hear of dreams almost every day. There are superstitions about dreams. On St. Agnes' Eve — if you follow certain rites — you will dream of your

future lover; if you dream on Friday night, and don't tell your dream before breakfast, it will come true. Dreaming occurs all the way through the Bible — Jacob's dream of the golden stairway to heaven, the dreams of the Pharash that Joseph interpreted, the dream of Joseph where he was warned to fleein to Egypt with the Infant-Jesus and Mary. In these dreams, though, there is usually a message from God, or a warning, or an insight into the future. There are many dreams in books; "Pilgrim's Progress" is a dream; many of Coleridge's poems are based on dreams. In "Christabel," when an evil person is trying to corrupt Christabel, a member of the castle staff dreams of a dove being strangled by a snake; Coleridge's poem "Kubla Khan" is a dream; Shakespeare wrote a whole play — "A Midsummer Night's Dream" — about a dream — and so I could go on forever. Prose writers, musicians, poets and painters have all told of dreams ever since very far back in history. I think the works of the great artists were dreams in themselves. Hans Arp, a Dutch painter, says of painting, "The creation of the artist should be called dreaming, and not working."

This dream of the artist is closely connected with another type of dream — and that is the ideal. Everyone has an ideal — whether it is to become like a certain person, or to achieve a certain thing, or whatever it may be, and everyone spends some of his time dreaming of this ideal. I know mine is some day to be able to express myself properly in some way; another friend wants to be a great scientist and discover all sorts of new materials. It is the ideal that builds this world; men realize their ideals and follow them through. Look, for instance, at the development of architecture. Men were tired of living in caves, and dreamed of better houses; someone did something about it and built a house of grass or wood; others followed, and thus it went on — making their houses comfortable, then beautiful — experimenting with new ideas — dreams. And so it leads us to the present, where men are still experimenting — following their dreams. Some of these ideals are not good — dreams of power and possession, but these are eventually overcome by higher dreams. Jules Verne's novels in his day were declared by the critics to be amusing but impossible dreams. Little did the critics know that these dreams would be realized **and** surpassed about half a century later. If **his** dreams came true (and he was lucky enough to be able to express them in novels) the dreams you are dreaming now could be the plans of the future — who knows? They are only dreams!

SUSAN BRAINERD, Matric.

DOWN THE WINDING PATH

A tiny figure dashed across the sunny meadow, stumbling every few steps and falling headlong into soft clusters of buttercups which were as gold as the curls in wisps about her face. It was Christina. She swiftly picked herself up and scampered through the deep grass with her blue frock pressed against her little legs by the late summer breeze. Finally she stood beneath the slim pines which sheltered many groups of toad-stools nestling at their feet. As Christina gazed into what seemed a dark and lonely wood beyond, her countenance held a beautiful expression of happiness, and she bounded forth into the shadows. She found it in a moment. It was still the winding path she had known the summer before, with its mysterious loveliness, as though it were a piece of Heaven's garden misplaced and left in silent loneliness on earth.

It wound its way between the tall, slim giants from whose boughs were suspended leaves like deep green icicles. Here and there tufts of shy violets peeped their heads between the pebbles of the path and along its sides. Christina gazed into the maze of dark green through which streamed streaks of golden light upon the path, flecking it with weird patterns. Christina, though only seven years old, could sense that all around her the tiny inhabitants of the wood were curiously wondering at the presence of a stranger, yet too timid to reveal themselves. She could hear the happy gurgle of water even before she discovered a little crystal brook racing over white pebbles. She found one of the hundreds of nests hidden in clumps of leaves or balanced in the crook of a slender giant's arm. The path went downward still, pausing before a deep rock pool half hidden by moss and overhanging brush. Mushrooms crept along the edges of the path, with their upside-down capes.

Gradually the path became brighter and soon Christina found herself in a clearing where the path skirted a barren cliff which dropped to a foaming sea and thundering surf far below. She held her breath in awe. There below her stretched great coral reefs, which were half drowned in spray as the waves broke over them, then retreated quickly, only to return. The path now began creeping down the cliff, past the sea-gulls' nests and along the worn rocks, until it reached the soft white beach into which the rocks seemed to melt. Christina followed the path all the way until she felt the sand soft between her toes. Then she turned and gazed upward to where the path first became visible at the forest clearing. It seemed to be racing downward

as if impatient to reach its destination. Christina looked out again at the coral reefs and sparkling surf. She understood the impatience of the winding path.

CATHERINE STEWART, Matric.

QUALITIES THAT MAKE A GOOD BROTHER

Being the only sister of four elder brothers, I think I may safely say that all observations hereby made on this subject come from one with considerable authority; in other words, I shall not attempt to enumerate **pleasant** qualities of a brother (such as taking the smaller piece of cake) which are actually quite rare in a normal member of that species. The first important quality that comes to my mind will probably be questioned — the ability to tease. I say this is a good quality because I remember how thankful I was some time ago when, thrown suddenly into the company of a number of typical "boys," I was able to endure their continuous, relentless insults and jokes without even turning a hair. Had I not had my pigtails pulled and been called names all my life by my brothers, I'm quite sure I would have collapsed, a nervous wreck, within twenty-four hours. Another thing I like in a brother is a willingness to teach his sister something. Maybe knowing how to pick up a kitten by the scuff of the neck, or how to blow huge bubbles without having the gum splatter all over your face aren't that important, but it's the thought that counts. Also, I've learned quite thoroughly several effective tortures that were demonstrated to me day and night — until I learned to protect myself. And what good is a brother unless he takes a real interest in his sister's welfare, and offers her friendly, helpful advice once in a while? Perhaps she won't fully appreciate being told that her "bouffant" looks like that of Shep, their sheep-dog, but on the other hand, male advice on how to act at a football game or how to help change a tire gracefully, is practically invaluable. The last, but most essential quality that I shall name in a good brother is, of course, love for his sister. This may express itself in many, many forms, most of them frankly unrecognizable, but it's there just the same, even though it's sometimes hiding behind a kick under the table or an imperious command.

I'll never forget the times I went to my parents, eyes brimming, lips trembling, only to be told, "But brothers are like that, dear, they only do it because they love you."

MARGARET MATTHEWS, Matric.

FIVE YEARS OLD

Several years ago, when I was only five, I remember spending Christmas at a hotel in Austria. There were several children there of my own age, but my special friends were Wolfgang and Wilhelm, identical twins from Vienna. They could not speak a word of English. We used to play together for hours, and though we could not understand each other's language, we knew everything there was to know about each other. How we managed it I'll never guess. The only example of communication I clearly remember is the time Wolfgang was telling me when their birthday was. He found a calendar and pointed to March ninth; then he pretended to blow out candles. It seemed so obvious at the time, though if I were confronted with such a vague clue now I doubt if I would guess it.

One day we decided to go coasting on the little hill just outside the hotel. As happens to all children, we soon tired of this sport and began to venture farther afield. Wolfgang and Wilhelm pulled the sleigh while I sat on it. We went through little winding streets past shops, churches, and chalets, until we found ourselves in a part of the village we had never seen before. Of course we were immensely excited. The boys were so thrilled that they began to pull the sleigh faster and faster, until I was really terrified, but the more I called out the more they thought I was enjoying it, and the faster they went, until finally the inevitable happened! The sleigh hit a pile of ice and I was thrown face down on the icy road.

My face felt like fire as it seemed to grind into the ice, and there were pains all over my quaking body. I slowly pulled myself into an upright position and looked about me. There was not a soul in sight. The boys had vanished and even the fateful sleigh had disappeared. Panic seized me. I was in an unfamiliar part of town in a country where nobody understood English, and my face was just dripping with blood. I began running through street after street, following the route I thought we had previously followed. As time went on I realized that I was completely lost, but still I ran on. Soon my aching limbs were just too much for me, and I flopped down in utter exhaustion in a snow bank.

Dusk began to fall and I could imagine all sorts of ghostly things in the shadows. I remember I just lay there and cried for what must have been about half-an-hour. Finally I pulled myself together and began to walk. I came to an immense church, and standing outside it, wept. I wanted to go in to try to warm myself but I was afraid. I stood watching the people passing in and out and

wished so much that I could speak German. I watched a pretty young lady walking down the front steps. I think I must have been looking rather hard because evidently she felt my gaze. She stood poised for a minute on the steps looking at me, then hurried towards me.

Like all the other people who had tried to help me she began speaking in German. I just kept crying out, "English! English!" Then miracle of miracles, she began speaking English. Many questions were asked, but very few answered. I had forgotten the most important thing, the name of the hotel. However, she was very patient and slowly began naming the various hotels in the village. She told me that if I heard any that seemed familiar to tell her. We ended up with three. She phoned to all those and asked if anyone by the name of Paton was registered there. In this way I eventually found myself back in the safety of our rooms, being lulled to sleep by the age-old carols sung in the lounge below.

You may be wondering what became of those two little boys. Well, I later found that they had been terrified at the sight of me and had run away. After a while they began to worry about me and timidly found their way back to the scene of the accident, but I was gone. They searched the streets for a long time; then returned to the hotel. As soon as they heard that I was back they came bounding up the stairs three at a time, laughing and crying in their relief. At first I was rather cold to them, but after I had heard their story — translated by their father — I forgave them, as only a child can do, with my whole heart.

ANN PATON, Matric.



THE OUTCAST

Little child so black of face
Why so alone in this place
When other children laugh and play,
Sing and dance their merry way?
Oh, little girl, white and fair
With many friends and not a care,
Tell me why she's all alone?
Could you not give her a share
Of your happiness and sun?
God made us all, every one.
So little child full of grace,
Why exclude her for her face?

GILLIAN ANGUS, Matric.

UNA VISITA A PUERTO RICO

El año pasado para Pascuas, fuí a Puerto Rico con mi primo y allá nos encontramos con nuestros padres. Yo viajé de Montreal a Nueva York sola y en Nueva York mi primo me estaba esperando para después coger el avión para San Juan, Puerto Rico. Cuando llegamos a Puerto Rico, nuestros padres nos estaban esperando en el aeropuerto ya que ellos habían llegado diez minutos antes de nosotros. Natural que todos estábamos contentos de vernos de nuevo.

Del aeropuerto nos fuimos al hotel Caribe Hilton donde nos íbamos a quedar. Cuando nos acomodamos lo primero que hicimos fué ir a la playa por un rato.

El "Hilton" suena tan elegante y de la clase alta, pero verdaderamente el hotel no era nada del otro mundo. Sí era muy bonito pero también vimos otros hoteles tan bonitos como o más bonitas que el Caribe Hilton. Este hotel tenía todo lo que un hotel lleno de gente.

San Juan me dió la impresión de estas en Miami por las tiendas, las playas, los hoteles, tantos americanos con muchos latinos.

Queríamos conocer la ciudad y queríamos ir a los Virgin Islands pero nunca llegamos a ir a las islas. Fuimos al "Yunque" que es una selva de lluvia con las plantas más hermosas por las diferentes clases y colores. El día que nosotros fuimos, desafortunadamente, estaba lloviendo pero todo se veía divino de todos modos. La carretera para ir hasta arriba era muy estrecha con bastantes curvas así que había que manejar con cuidado. En el camino había donde descansar y allí paramos por un rato. Por ese lugar habían cataratas que bajaban desde arriba entre las plantas. Desde aquí todo se veía tan verde y fresco. Nunca llegamos hasta arriba porque seguía lloviendo y decidimos regresar. También fuimos a las minas de sal donde todo era hecho de rocas de sal negra. Hasta había una iglesia allí mismo hecha de sal. Todo esto nos fascinó.

Todas las días íbamos a la playa, por lo menos mi primo y yo, y siempre estaba llena de gente bañándose y asoleándose. Alquilábamos cojones para poner sobre la arena para acostarnos y tratar de quemarnos porque queríamos regresar al colegio con un buen color. Los americanos que ya habían estado allí hace tiempo estaban casi negros y bronceados de un color muy atractivo.

En San Juan mi primo se encontró con un compañero de colegio y yo conocí a su hermana. Los dos a veces venían al hotel y íbamos a la playa

juntos. Con ellos pasamos unos ratos muy divertidos.

De noche salíamos a comer y bailar a lugares diferentes para así poder conocer un poco de todo. Yo estaba de suerte porque tenía un compañero permanente para bailar — a mi primo.

Lo pasamos tan agradable el poco tiempo que estuvimos en San Juan que algún día me gustaría regresar por un tiempo más largo.

ROSITA CARIDI, Matric.



GAUDEAMUS Igitur . . .

Haec fabula de nobis est,

Who are by a Latin class blest.

Sunt septem nostri,

And merry are we,

Quod Latina tam mira est.

Ovidius Naso, scriptor,

We're sure you have heard of before;
Sed "Mors Icari,"

That great poetry,

(Dicit Alexandra) "Inepta!"

Habemus duas Gillias,

Whose thoughts about Latin — don't ask!
Johanna adest,

She's sometimes a pest

Cum, "Non intellego," dieit.

Nunc Johanna qui semper ridet

Thinks Virgil is really quite wet!

Sed clamor Shaunae,

"Just Romam' ? But why ?"

Et ecce Margarita — dormit!

Magister noster cogitat

That the end of his wits he is at;
"Hae leges," deflet,

"I'm **sure** you have met!"

Sed languidos vultus spectat.

Ad finem nostrae fabulae

We've come; do we hear you say "Why ?"
Responsum hoc est —

We need a long rest,

Quod Latina nos fatigat. . .

MARGARET MATTHEWS,
SANDY MILLER } Matric.



For Key, see page 10.

GOD'S LITTLE DARK ONE

"I love this green world with its brightness and joys,
The singing and laughing of all girls and boys.
But why won't they let me join in their games?
I can only sit here alone and ashamed.
Why did You, Dear God, make me different?" she
asked,

As tears slowly fell from her shining dark eyes.
"I love You as much, if not more than the last,
Yet nobody wants me, no "hellos" or "good-byes."
Little squirrels and chipmunks and birds come
to me,
They don't mind my dark colour; *that* they
don't see.

I shiver with cold when Jack Frost nips my nose,
I curl up with a book by the fire and doze;
I too feel the warmth of a bright summer sun,
I chase after butterflies; I frolic and run.
So why am I different? I really don't know,
For all men should be equal, wherever they go.
Each day at the park or at school do I see
Children and grown-ups avoiding just me.
I see a girl coming, her skin is so fair,
With long golden hair, her blue eyes that stare.
But she finally smiles and with a gay little laugh
She breaks up her candy and hands me the half.
I look up in wonder and gratefully grin,
And say to myself, "We'll show them! We'll win!
We both love the same world, one country, one God;
No longer shall the dark from the white race be
barred."

And the girls walk off slowly, dark in pale hand,
The bright future promise of a Unified Land.

SHAUN O'BRIEN, Matric.

AGAIN TOGETHER

The ship glided into the small harbour on the coast of Massachusetts one peaceful sunny afternoon and the crew busied itself with the cargo. The ship's name was "Mañana", and she was one of the most beautiful that had ever sailed the wide blue oceans.

Dominique, the young twelve-year-old cabin boy of the "Mañana" begged the captain's permission to go ashore for awhile. He had freckles galore and tufts of sun-bleached hair half covered his huge green eyes. He was a true sailor, having been at sea since the age of five, and he loved this life better than anything else.

Reaching the end of the dock, he jumped to the beach and made his way along the line of rocks, jumping from boulder to boulder with the

ease of a mountain goat. Rounding a bend, he found himself in a small cove where a few families were swimming. A great sadness filled his heart as he began to wonder what had happened to his own family. He could only vaguely remember them now; his father had been big and handsome with the same blond hair and green eyes as he had. His mother had died when he was two years old and he remembered nothing of her, but all these thoughts and memories seemed like far-away glimpses of another world. He remembered that he had lived in a lovely little town on the coast, but he had long since forgotten its name and where it was. He was sitting on the sand now and was deep in thought when a group of young girls went prancing by, playing with a beach ball. They were all laughing and talking until they noticed Dominique sitting there in his sad mood. Feeling badly because he didn't seem to be having a good time, one of the girls invited him to join in their game, but Dominique was so embarrassed by their girlish giggles that he refused the offer and remained where he was.

Now one girl had come up and sat down beside him while the others had continued to play. She had been drawn to him as if by a magnet because he looked so like her father. Dominique, being quite glad of company, smiled faintly and asked her if she lived here. She replied that she lived in this village with her father, and then asked him where he lived, since she had never seen him around before. Dominique pointed to the ship and told her that he had been at sea for as long as he could remember. He told her how one day when he had been playing along the shore near his home, many years before, a strange old man had grabbed him roughly and taken him out to sea. The man and his crew had been pirates and he had become their cabin boy. The young girl listened in awe and Dominique continued.

"A few months ago, the captain of the pirates spied a huge ship on the horizon and planned to attack it the next morning. At daybreak he drew alongside and a mighty battle broke out. All the pirates were drowned or shot, while I was rescued and treated by the good people on the "Mañana." These people trade goods and are very nice to me and I owe them everything."

At this point the girls came running by, yelling, "Niqua, come and join us!"

Dominique said that he had to be getting back to the ship now, so Niqua walked along with him.

As they went, Dominique turned to her and said, "Is that your name — Niqua?"

The young girl blushed and replied, "No, not really. My name is Sabrina but once I had a twin brother called Dominique whom I didn't know very well. Ever since he disappeared people have called me 'Niqua' as a short form of Dominique."

Dominique, being absolutely dumbfounded, replied, "You won't believe it when I tell you that my name is Dominique also."

All of a sudden Niqua heard her father's voice calling, "Sabrina, where are you? It's time for supper," and then he spotted her. When Sabrina's father came closer, Dominique stood rooted to the ground — this man looked exactly like his father!

Sabrina was making the introductions now, saying, "This is my father, Mr. Carmille."

The name rang in Dominique's ears; then all of a sudden he found himself in the man's arms crying like a baby. Sabrina stood stunned and completely bewildered by this strange behaviour but when everything was explained she was wild with excitement because she had become quite fond of Dominique and now he would remain with them forever. Would any of her friends ever believe it? She had found her long-lost twin brother!

MARCIÀ PACAUD, Matric.

QUIET SAILS

I saw her in the stillness of the dawn,
A thousand, thousand blended lights were there;
She seemed a spirit of the night disturbed
By early morning's fairest flush of gold
Caught softly fleeing.

Fair as the swan which frets not, neither feels
The weary weight of earth's tumultuous roll,
She softly dipped into each silent wave;
Her gossamer wings did catch each breeze to make
A sound like music.

Still on she went with gleaming sails unfurled,
Whose beauteous forms, clothed thus in April's
mists,
Did seem a gift too perfect for mankind
But due alone to that Supernal Being who rules
Eternity.

So do we sail far o'er the sea of life,
Nor know the storms we may encounter there
But live for God, and like a new-born dream,
Fade softly into the light of coming day,
A shadow there.

CYNTHIA PHILPOTT, Matric.

IN THE LIGHT OF A STAR

Don't throw away your faith, old man,
Just when the end is near;
Don't turn your back on God, whose hand
 No man nor beast should fear:
Has He not guided you through life,
 And heard your every call?
— I know, old man, He took your wife,
 He took your children, all —
But surely God has purpose there,
 For giving you this pain;
Could this not be a cross to bear,
 A test of the little grain
Of mustard-seed He planted in
 Your heart so long ago,
To see if it would die in sin
 Or rise as pure as snow?
Look up, old man, for there they are,
 Your wife, your children, all —
They wait beyond the farthest star,
 And hark! with joy, they call!

MARGARET MATTHEWS, Matric.



A SOAP BUBBLE

"See, you do it like this," said my little brother as we lay stretched out on the green grass over a bowl of soapy water. "You wet your hands and rub them on the soap and make a circle with your fingers and blow softly."

I watched his puffed cheeks and eyes opening wider and wider as the oblong rainbow-coloured bubble emerged from his fingers. It left them suddenly and hovered lightly in the air in its new roundness.

"Watch now, quickly!"

His voice was full of expectation as he lay, chin on hands, transfixed before the filmy ball. I then watched with curiosity and saw a green sea covered with rain roll inside the little world. An island seemed to rise from the sea. In a wooded grove I saw the face of a child reflected and he seemed in a dream. Suddenly a knight galloped in, stopped before him and there followed what seemed to be a lively fight with words. Before the boy could move, the knight drew his sword, advanced with a stride and pop! — Was it the sword or the blade of grass it had touched that made the bubble burst?

My brother looked dismayed, but in a moment with a smile he proudly said, "Easy, isn't it?"

ANN GORDON

THE LITTLE BOY

The door slammed behind Stuart as he walked into the kitchen and placed his cherished belongings on the table. These consisted of a small toad with a piece of dirty string around its leg, a few chipped marbles, pebbles, and a much-needed slingshot. Mother looked up from her baking and sighed, realizing that any protests would be useless. The young boy grinned at her, running his dirty hand through his sandy hair.

"Guess what, Mum? I'm in love with the most beautiful girl in the world."

Mother controlled her smile and listened patiently.

"Sit down, Stuart, and tell me all about it."

"Oh, I can't, Mum, she's coming to get me to go fishing. You see, the worms in her back yard are better than mine."

This time Mother could not stop the smile, and asked, "What is she like, son?"

"Well, Mum, she has the terrifcest ant collection you ever saw, and you should see her lizard that changes colour to match whatever she has on. But when we had that mud fight, that stupid lizard just stayed green. Boy, were we disappointed! Her hair is nifty, too. It's almost like gold, except," he continued pensively, "except when I rub dirt into it."

He looked up at his mother gravely for a second, then said, "I'll tell you somethin' if you promise to keep it a secret. Cross your heart?"

Mother nodded her head, her eyes sparkling as she noticed that one of his bottom teeth was missing, and his eye was unaccountably getting darker.

"Yea," he sighed, "she beat me up this morning. Imagine a feeble girl doing that! Boy, if the gang found out about this, I'd be kicked out of the clubhouse."

The doorbell rang and little Stu jumped up and pulled at Mother's hand.

"Come on, Mum! You have to meet her."

They opened the door, and mother looked at her son's "most beautiful girl in the world." She was bare-foot, and she wore a pair of dirty blue-jeans rolled up to show dirty knees, and a loose-fitting tee-shirt once called white. She held a tin can crawling with fat worms and she had two long rods over her left shoulder. Her long hair was caught up in careless braids and her forehead was smudged with dirt. But she was appealing. Her smile was as lovely as it was mischievous, and her dark eyes danced, as she said "Hello" and held out a grubby hand. Stuart just stood there with his mouth slightly open, smiling foolishly.

Then he said, "Come on, kid, we haven't got all day!"

Mother watched them walk off, arguing loudly about who was the better fisherman. She turned back into the house, laughing softly. She could hardly wait to tell her husband about their young son's first love.

SHAUN O'BRIEN, Matric.

HIDDEN ISLAND

Only the seagulls cry,
As the sun rises up on the eastern sky.
A great golden ball of fire flings
Itself out of the waves of the sea —
Suddenly, brightly, up it springs,
And shines vividly through the trees.

Only the seagulls hear
The rolling, pounding surfs, that fear
Not to send the misty spray
Upon the sandy shores —
A surf, that for a minute may
Sound soft, then be a roar.
Only the seagulls know
The laughing, babbling brooks that flow
Down to the pearly water's edge
Caressing the sandy beach.
Happy birds, that from a rocky ledge
Are in this heaven's reach.

Only the seagulls can
Find this place, unknown to Man.
Over the ocean's broad expanse
There lies this Paradise —
Full of adventure and romance
That will never be seen by our eyes.

ELIZABETH HAMPSON, Matric.

FAMILY OUTING

It all began on a warm summer's day. At precisely seven-thirty in the morning the milkman knocked at the door of the Oglethorpe house and in his usual cheery voice asked the usual cheery question, "How many to-day, Mrs. Oglethorpe?"

It was commonly known around the neighbourhood that Harvey got a sadistic pleasure out of hooting that absurd name at the top of his lungs early every morning, "Because," he said, "there's something in a funny name; it gives people something else to think about besides their bills and how high their income tax is."

On this particular morning he was greeted by a scruffy-looking boy — obviously one of the Oglethorpe offspring, who relayed the question to his mother.

"Mother-r-r-r!"

Mrs. Oglethorpe, absorbed in packing all the necessities for a week-end outing, was annoyed at this interruption and momentarily forgot about her book on child psychology, chapter thirteen in particular, "Sarcasm and its Effect on Children."

"Oh, for heavens' sake get twenty quarts—we're going away for a whole day and there's four of us."

Obediently Jamie ordered the twenty quarts. Harvey was aghast, but thinking of the commission such an order would put in his pocket, brought the twenty bottles without delay.

"What are we going to do with **this**?" screamed Mrs. Oglethorpe hysterically when she came into the kitchen five minutes later and saw all twenty bottles lined up neatly against the wall.

"Well, you said,—" simpered Jamie helplessly.

"I know what I said," she answered with dangerous calm. "It's done and we can't do anything about it now."

Finally the family was ready; the appropriate amount of milk was put in the car and both Jamie and his brother Edward were accounted for, or so Mr. and Mrs. Oglethorpe thought. They were well on their way when a juvenile cackle was heard from the back seat.

"What's going on back there?"

Back there answered. "Jamie! Jamie! We've forgotten Jamie," chanted Edward in a high sing-song voice.

Mr. Oglethorpe swore silently. It was no use asking Edward why he hadn't informed them of their oversight sooner. A very frazzled father turned the car around and headed back home. On arriving they found Jamie sitting in the middle of the driveway crying.

"It's all right, darling; Mummy's here," soothed Mrs. Oglethorpe, wishing she could beat the child into insensibility, but at the same time picturing a member of the Child Welfare Society turning up any second.

Jamie was stuffed into the car and they were off—or were they? The motor sputtered and hissed and then gave in. They all looked at each other, whereupon both children burst into tears. Mrs. Oglethorpe, close to insanity, made a last stand.

"Everybody **out!**"

Half an hour later peace reigned in the Oglethorpe family. "Now isn't this nice?" asked Mrs. Oglethorpe with determination as she passed around paper plates, hamburgers, and, of course, **milk**—in their own back yard.

ALEXANDRA MILLER, Matric.

LE GRAND INCENDIE

La nuit était sombre et profonde quand Janette fut réveillée par la fumée qui était entrée dans sa chambre.

"Maman, Maman!" cria-t-elle, mais nulle réponse ne se fit entendre.

Saisissant alors une couverture de laine rose, ainsi que la poupée qu'elle aimait le mieux, elle sortit en courant de sa chambre, terrifiée.

Imaginez-vous une petite fille, ayant tout au plus six ans, enveloppée d'une grande couverture, tremblante de peur, serrant contre elle une poupée aux yeux grands ouverts, courant par les corridors tout en s'imaginant mille choses horribles.

La fumée était plus épaisse quand elle arriva au premier étage. Elle pensait déjà aux grandes flammes, à la pompe à incendie, toute rouge, qui lancerait des gerbes d'eau pour combattre l'incendie, et aux pompiers, faisant la chaîne, pour sauver les sinistrés. Par la pensée, elle voyait sa demeure enveloppée de flammes, les étincelles jailissant du toit, et un pompier l'emportant, morte, de la maison en flammes. Elle se précipita dans le salon en poussant un grand cri.

Toute surprise, sa mère, vêtue d'une belle toilette du soir, quitta ses invités pour calmer sa petite fille. Sanglotant doucement dans les bras de sa maman, mais déjà rassurée, Janette réalisa son erreur. Ce qu'elle avait cru être la fumée d'un grand sinistre était simplement la fumée des cigarettes des hôtes de la maison.

HARRIET DUPONT, Matric.

OLD MAN OF THE SEA

Fisherman, fisherman of the sea,
Brown of skin and gaunt of limb
Salt grey eyes growing dim,
Who rides the waves happy and free!
Tell us thy great and wondrous stories
Of the sea and all its glories,
Of the time you sat for days
Be calmed and parched in the sun's cruel blaze,
Suddenly to be tossed again
Rolling about on the bounding main.
Oh, fisherman, fisherman of the sea,
Tell us of the monstrous serpent
And how God protected thee
From black death and the raging sea;
Tell us of our new found peace,
As rose and gold of the sun now cease.
Your wisdom is faith, and if God please
You'll be sailing soon on His mighty seas.

GILLIAN ANGUS, Matric.

YESTERDAY'S TOWN

Only the seagulls cry now, along the rocky shore where children once played, and the noise of the hustle and bustle of busy men bargaining, working, and shouting filled the air. This shanty town with its few fishermen inhabitants was all that was left of the great town it once had been. It had been a ship-building town, famed far and wide in the days of wooden sailing vessels. Coal, mined farther inland, and other products of the country were shipped from here, adding greatly to the prosperity of the town. The days of wooden sailing ships has long since passed and the demand for coal is declining. The time seemed to have come when this town must fade away as many had done before it. As we walked along the wharfs piled with traps, we met an old fisherman mending his nets.

He greeted us with, "Lovely morning, isn't it?"

We answered his query with a similar reply, and talked to him for a few moments about the fishing this season.

He then said, "Did you know, when I was a small boy I used to sit in this very spot and watch the ships, sails billowing in the breeze, come in from all parts of the world. They came from England, Holland, France and even some from the Far East. At night the strains from the sailors' hornpipes would float up to my window as I would sit there, longing to be down on the wharfs watching the brightly-dressed sailors dancing their jigs."

"Whenever a ship built here returned, there was great festivity. The captain and his mates were entertained by the owners of the shipyards, the Keenes and the Stewarts, and a few other wealthy people. The streets of the town were all decorated, and the rest of us watched the sailors dancing, and enjoyed ourselves imitating them."

He then asked us if we would like to see some of the old houses of the town. We eagerly assured him that we would be very glad to do so. This old man seemed to live so proudly in the past glory of his town and was so anxious that all should know its history! As we walked along the shore and then back from the sea we saw many old houses, some falling into ruin, others still inhabited, but very shabby looking. It wasn't difficult, with a bit of imagination, to see those houses as they once had been — mansions, with lawns and gardens around them. You could imagine parties in the gardens in the shade of the trees on a lovely summer's day, with all the men and women dressed in their finest array. Now, all we saw were tumble-down houses with overgrown yards. No children played on the shore now, gleefully shouting to one another. All

one could hear was the cry of the seagulls as they wheeled and circled above the wharfs and jetties, looking for food. As Wordsworth said,

"Men are we, and must grieve when even the shade
Of that which once was great is passed away."

JOYCE LESLIE, Matric.



PICTURE CREDITS

The Church.....	KATHY PLOW
The School	JENNIFER EARDLEY
Miss Gillard and Mimi.....	SUSAN BUCHAN
Room 17.....	LINDA PECK
Off to Hillcrest.....	DEBBY GILL
Shoe Cleaning.....	SUSAN BUCHAN
Matric. Field Day.....	PAM FLETCHER
4.01 P.M.....	PAM FLETCHER
The Swimming Meet.....	HOPE HASLAM
The Huddle, Soccer.....	JANET BURGOYNE
Wheel-barrow Race.....	FRANCES BUDDEN



OCTOBER'S SHADOW

She seems a shadow 'neath the mist and breath
of Autumn's rain—
Her footsteps softly treading through the
harvest's dampened grain.
And there the leaves, with amber glow, form
patterns on her cloak—
Dress her tiny golden slippers while they slip
through hazy smoke.
Above, the climbing giants furl their capes in
stormy mirth—
Draping day in vales of darkness, hiding sunlight
from the earth.
While she walks, the windy briskness swirls
her skirts and chestnut hair,
Heaven's tears upon her lashes — autumn's misty
thoughts she shares.
She stands, her slender arms outstretched, her
heart with warmth is filled.
Her treasures are these days so sad, their silent love
she's found;
For rain has lovely, magic charm; her paths
are heaven bound;
Her secret is the calmness, so gentle, she bestows,
And though she sleeps in heaven's arms, her
softest breath we know.

CATHERINE STEWART, Matric.

WHAT PEOPLE GO THROUGH FOR BEAUTY

Fashion is a tyrant. Not only is this true nowadays, but even centuries ago women, and to a lesser degree men, suffered in their attempts to be what fashion called "beautiful." In the Middle Ages, for instance, huge, towering "pompadour" hairdos were in style. Sleeping, of course, presented a slight problem as to how to keep the complicated arrangement of hair in place, so an apparatus was devised especially for these fair fashion-conscious maidens. It was a wooden frame placed at the head of the bed, with a slight hollow carved out, upon which the lady must put her neck. Thus she slept night after uncomfortable night with her neck, shoulders, and the rest of her body supported by the bed, but with her head, the isolated object of vanity, resting on thin air! It has also been told that in the time when it was fashionable to have lily-white hands, one of the Three Musketeers, Aramis, used to walk about everywhere holding his hands up in the air to keep them "cool and pure." This same man, I have heard, also used to pinch his ears continually, so that they would stay a delicate shell-pink! On through the years, and our grandmothers and great-grandmothers are able to remember when young ladies were not considered feminine unless they had minute waists and large bustles to make their skirts flounce out at the back. Diets weren't enough to acquire these diminutive middles — the women had to wear what were

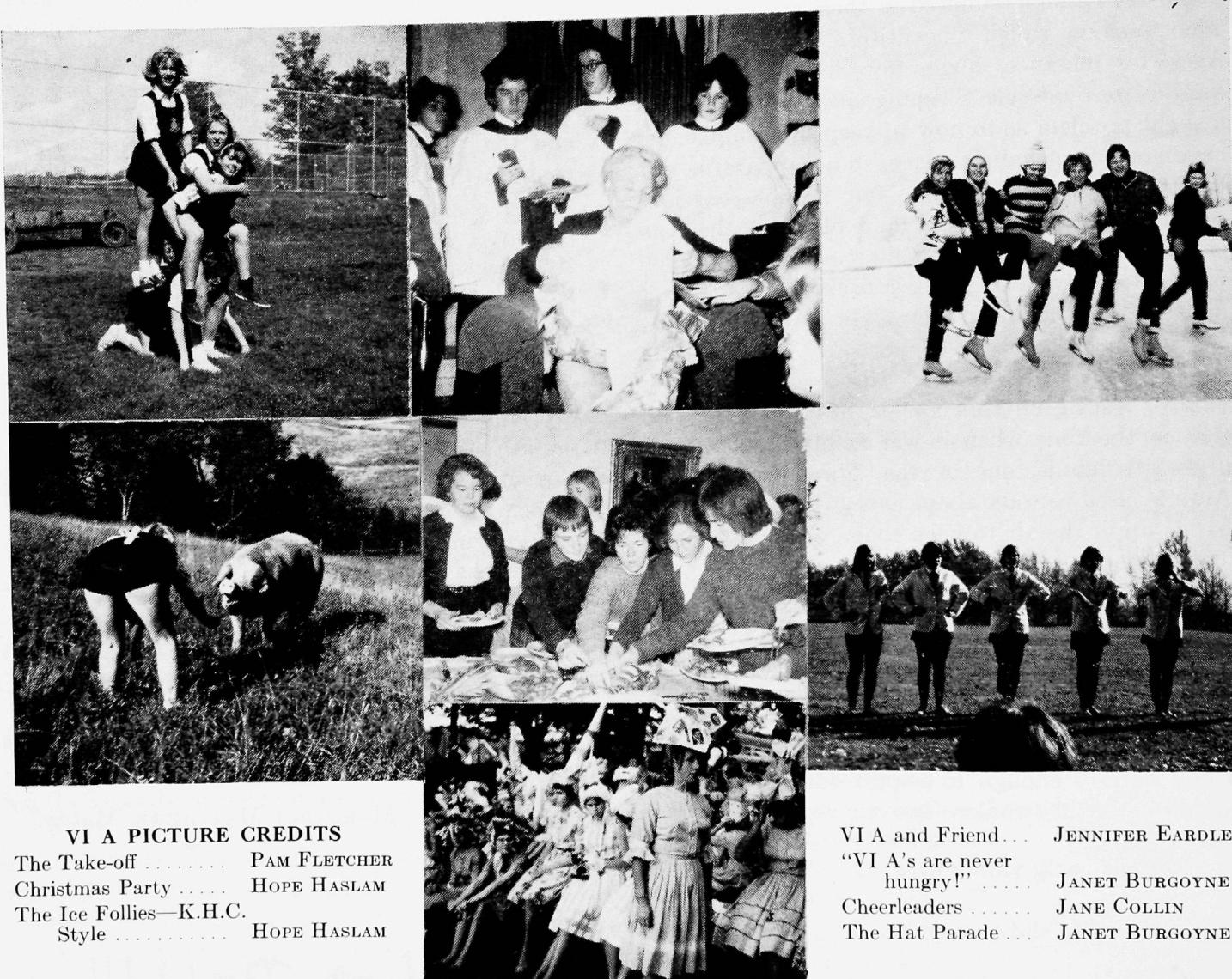
known as "stays." These were pulled, yanked, and tugged by their unsympathetic mothers or maids until the unfortunate lasses, in spite of their hour-glass figures, were scarcely able to breathe. Then our own mothers tell us it wasn't so very long ago that the fashion was to have slim, boyish figures, and that to get their rather stubborn bodies to conform to this ideal, the girls had to wear tight, almost shapeless clothes. Surely fashion isn't important enough to cause one to wear a form of strait-jacket! Now we come to the fashion of today. No, we needn't laugh at the tyrannical fashions of our ancestors. Just take a look around at the women's shoes, for example. Let's admit it, ladies, those pointed toes aren't quite as comfortable as we claim they are, nor are the spindly heels which support us very stable. We wear them simply to look up-to-date. We also go through considerable bother when we sit for hours on end in a beauty salon, trying to have "hidden body" put into our hair, or have too much "un-hidden-body" taken out of it!

However, do you think we would give this all up? Of course not; we mere human beings will go on, just as we have done for hundreds of years, bowing and complying to the whims and wishes of our capricious tyrant — fashion.

MARGARET MATTHEWS, Matric.



VI A



VI A PICTURE CREDITS

The Take-off PAM FLETCHER
 Christmas Party HOPE HASLAM
 The Ice Follies—K.H.C.
 Style HOPE HASLAM

VIA and Friend... JENNIFER EARDLEY
 "VI A's are never hungry!" ... JANET BURGOYNE
 Cheerleaders JANE COLLIN
 The Hat Parade ... JANET BURGOYNE

VI A FORM REPORT

We here present the VI A Form of 1961 - 62 to the reader. Our large class, which began with forty girls, is encamped in two classrooms marked VI A (1) and VI A (2) respectively, and situated across the hall from one another.

VI A (2), the larger, is the Latin group; it has twenty members and is under the excellent leadership of Miss Robinson. Throughout the year the Form Captains have been Diana Russel, Susan Clark, and Mary Cape, while the Sports Captains were Nicola Druce, Sandra Hamilton, and Shireen Finch. They changed each term. Jean Baggs is having the task of organizing our disorganized literary efforts for the Magazine.

VI A (1), just as lively, has nineteen girls. Their beloved Form Mistress, Miss Keith,

keeps them under control with a firm hand. As Form Captains for the three terms they elected Diane Bignell, Dodi Hornig, and Anne Evans; as Sports Captains, Margaret Glen, Margot Cowen and Cynthia Eke. Anne Evans is reaping the literary contributions of this group for **Per Annos**. Nicola Druce is Red Cross representative of the combined VI A.

In the last term of 1962 VI A has only thirty-nine girls. How did this happen? Two of our numbers are missing. At Christmas Caroline Massey left us, and we feel that she is irreplaceable. We still hear from "Massey", as we call her, and we are glad she is happy. Margaret Glen left us at Easter, and is also much missed. To offset our losses we regained an old Comptonite, Dougie Trudeau, back from a term in Switzerland.

Since our VI A is so large, it took a great deal of time and trouble to arrange class schedules which would accommodate each individual's subject choice. For all this work we are deeply indebted to Miss Morris and Miss Wallace.

In our activities out of school, the two groups of VI A have acted as a single unit. The glamorous cheer-leaders came from both divisions. They were Jennifer Eardley, Claudia Dewar, Sandy Hamilton, Di-Lin McLernon, Susan Clark, and Diana Glass. Their cheers roused the K.H.C. soccer team to victory — well, almost all the time. The autumn brought Hallowe'en, which in turn brought the masquerade and the skits produced by the various Forms. Our skit was developed from a text book cover. "The Many Merits of Bananas" was the theme of many lyrics composed by the poetic "geniuses" of the Form. Each lyric was acted out by a chanting group accompanied on the piano by Janet Burgoine. The bananas we procured for the show served to refresh us when our part was done.

The end of the first term brought Christmas activities for the whole school, and for us the pleasure of decorating the lounge. The theme was "A Miscellaneous Christmas" and a miscellaneous Christmas it was! Santas, pine boughs, toys, and red ribbons mixed in gay profusion. We also had a Christmas Form party with Miss Keith and Miss Robinson as guests of honour. "All the trimmings" left us all replete and in the holiday spirit.

To provide an outlet for the argumentative streak in us all, Miss Robinson organized a debating team. We learned the rules and fell to over such themes as "Communism," "Women's Dress," and "Integration." Such interest was aroused, and so many people wanted to express their ideas that Miss Robinson made a concession and our "debates" became general discussions.

In the Easter term the big event is always the dance — or the "Formal" as we call it. This year it was held in March. For our decorations we used "Around the World in Eighty Days." Some of the most superb organizing ever seen in VI A, coupled with two weeks of strenuous work, produced lovely national murals and decorations. King's Hall enjoyed these and certainly every B.C.S. or Stanstead guest who got into the clutches of a VI A admired them at length and in detail!

The annual Public Speaking competition discovered talent in our midst. E. Cook won the school competition, then the competition in the St. Francis district, which she had to represent at the Public Speaking finals held at McGill.

We returned from our Easter holiday to find many plans in store for us. The Magazine must go to press before these plans are realized, but we are looking forward to a picnic-hike into the hills, if May 6th is a fine day. Mr. and Mrs. Evans, Anne's parents, have most kindly invited us for a picnic-party on May 12th, when we shall enjoy ourselves as only school girls can.

By then the June exams. will be looming on our horizon and VI A will be settling down to hard work for the remaining few weeks. The seventh of June will bring our VI A year quietly to a close as we sing "Till WE Meet Again."

CATHERINE WOOTON

A SOCCER GAME

To the girls on the team 'twas Miss Keyzer who said,
"If you don't run today, you'll be beaten instead.
I don't care if you lose if you just play the game,
So get out there and fight — uphold Compton's
name."

So the K.H.C. girls trotted onto the field,
Bound and determined they weren't going to yield
To the B.C.S. Prep boys, who in the years past
Had won — but oh, no! this wasn't to last.

The girls won the toss, which left them to pick
From the choice of the ends of the field or the kick.
They decided to play with their backs to "Old Sol"
That is, going uphill giving Bishop's the ball.

Their centre kicked off, straight out to the side,
And their wing got the ball, but then he shot wide
While trying to aim for his own inner man.
So the girls got the ball, and down the field ran.

The half got safely away from one lad,
Ran a little, then passed to the centre who had
With her, four forwards to run in and shoot,
And with any luck, to score from that boot.

But the girls had some trouble around the boys'
goal.
They couldn't connect and the ball only rolled
Right into the hands of the opposite team
Who ran down the field with much force and steam.

"For heaven's sake, move! Go after that ball!"
Was the yell from Miss Keyzer, urging us all
To keep up with the ball, and guard our own end.
"Don't let them score! Come on girls, Defend!"

This kind of play went all the way through
The first part of the game and the next quarter too.
During half-time everyone had a good rest;
Then went back on the field with more pep and
more zest.

The third quarter started, the boys had the ball,
But they fumbled their kick, so the girls didn't stall
In taking right over — they ran in and shot,
And they scored! So the score was now two to
naught.

The cheers that went up from the school were
resounding,
And the girls on the back of the Inner were
pounding,
For 'twas she who had kicked the ball into the net.
But wait, the game wasn't over quite yet.

Now the boys were determined to win all the more;
They couldn't let rest that two-to-naught score.
But the third quarter ended with no further scoring.
'Twas the one coming up that would be the hard
going.

After two minutes rest the game started again.
The boys were now playing with all might and
main;
And were finally rewarded — for about half-way
through
They scored — that now made the score two to two.

Now the girls were determined. They just had
to beat
Those Prep boys, or they would be laughed off their
feet.
Back they went and put everything into the game,
Hoping and praying they'd score once again.

The play was spread over both ends of the field,
And both teams were bound they weren't going
to yield,
But the boys got a foul near the end of the game,
Giving us a free kick — they themselves were
to blame.

It was K.H.C.'s Centre Half who took the free shot;
She aimed for the side of the goal, at the top.
The ball sailed right over the goalkeeper's head
And into the goal — now the girls were ahead.

The final three minutes were exciting and fast
But with no further goals the game ended. At last
K.H.C., by a score of three points to two,
Had defeated the boys, which they'd set out to do.

So the next time you see the girls playing ball,
Soccer, that is, 'gainst the boys in the fall,
Don't be so surprised, for what is told here
Might happen again. Good Luck, team of next year.

JANET BURGOYNE, VI A.

THE LURE OF THE OUTDOORS

How many of you enjoy being outdoors? The clean fresh air and the healthful atmosphere make you feel like a new person, don't they? There are many activities for those of you who love being close to nature, and no doubt, you have experienced a few—or all—of them at one time or another.

Today, one of the most popular of outdoor sports is camping. I am not just saying this because we happened to go camping last summer, but because millions of professional and amateur campers will agree with me.

The camps that I am referring to are not the ordinary, organized affairs, but the real thing. You are actually out there all on your own — roughing it! The particular camp we went to was on an island off the Maine coast. The only way you could get to it was by driving over a sand spit at low tide. I might add that at night it is quite difficult to tell whether the tide is in or out — and we gave our car many a good wash!

We enjoyed our new experience more than any other. We came and went when we pleased and spent most of the day swimming or lying on the beach. Our first day there was not as pleasant, however; we spent four long hours in the broiling sun trying to pitch our complicated tent in the not-so-cool sand. It was quite exasperating as we had never put the tent up together before, and whenever a question arose, there were always four different ways of solving it. We finally overcame the trivial set-backs and concentrated on our main problem — housekeeping! This sounds as though it would be quite easy, but our camp site was smack in the gully of the biggest sand dune I had ever seen, and you try keeping ten feet of drifting sand out of food, clothes, and beds. It is impossible! By the end of a week we were literally walking, talking, and sleeping in mounds of it.

The only items provided were water and a doctor near-by, and as we were not in the least bit experienced we eventually needed both in a bad way! After pouring over a sketch map given to us as we arrived, it took us only two days to find the tap — around the corner — under the poison ivy! All our cooking was done over a wood fire, and heating water for dishwashing became an automatic pro-

cedure after every meal. My brother, who was usually miles away when it came time to clean up, happened to knock over the pan of boiling water which poured all over his legs and burned his feet quite severely. Luckily, the mother of one of his friends in the next camp was a nurse; she took wonderful care of him — all the way to the hospital.

We had great fun cooking, and as we were on the coast, had seafood almost every day, varied by a huge steak once a week — to boost our morale! Mom made a delicious chowder from the clams we had dug in the oozing mud at low tide. It was hard work, and wet too, as the clams spat every time we dug near them. We also noticed that the smaller the clam, the wetter we became.

Lobster was our specialty! I don't think any of us will ever forget our first lobster feed on the island. We spent all day choosing them, two big ones each! Next we had to borrow a pot large enough to hold them all. You can imagine how gigantic it was! About four o'clock my brother and I went across the island to get it. We almost died at the sight of it. It was the biggest we had ever seen, and we wondered how we would get it back to our camp. However, it had a large lid so we split it up evenly making it considerably lighter. Realizing that we would eventually have to fill it with salt water, we decided to do it there and carry it back full. Little did we suspect how heavy salt water could be! Half way home we dumped out the remaining water and sand and decided that it would be easier to fill it by hand!

When we got back Mom had the fire going and we placed seaweed around the edge to give it a more realistic effect. It was almost six by the time we had finished setting our table in the sand with all the goodies that go with a good feed. The water hadn't come to a boil yet and the lobsters, which had been on ice for hours, were beginning to get restless! At seven-thirty all the goodies had disappeared, the water hadn't boiled and the sun was going down. By eight we gave up waiting, flung more seaweed on the fire to bring the water to a steady boil, and plunked the lobsters into the pot. The seaweed only succeeded in creating a smoke screen between us and our meal, and when the allotted time was up we took a peek at the lobsters. We were met by eight pairs of beady eyes, which seemed to say, "Brother, are you ever amateurs!"

At nine we sat down, ready to forget the past hours and enjoy the lobsters, which had turned pink at last! By this time the moon was up and a stiff breeze was coming off the ocean. We also had hundreds of uninvited guests! — Mosquitoes!

My sister sprayed us all with bug-goop; when that didn't work, she sprayed the table, food included. That was enough to keep us away! But we weren't going to give up then, not after all we'd been through!

The seagulls kept us awake all night as those hungry scavengers ransacked the lobster shells in the garbage. With one meal, we had satisfied three groups — ourselves, the mosquitoes, and the gulls!

The days went by quickly and it was soon time to go home, but we left that happy island with a new respect for nature and with the knowledge that we were quite capable of doing it again, though all needed a long year of recuperation first.

LINDA COWANS, V IA.

UMBRELLAS

The sky is grey and heavy; over it roll large black storm clouds which are being pushed by a hot sluggish wind. In the small towns the sidewalks are dusty, and heat is rising from them in slow pulsating waves. The small strip of grass that borders the sidewalk is dry and withered, the earth is caked and cracked. The tiny shops on this main street all have faded and frayed red or green awnings, which hang limply in their frames. Through the hazy window one sees the shop keepers slouched in their chairs, their suit jackets undone and their ties loosened. There is no gay laughter of children playing at games; the only sounds on this street are the steady buzz of air conditioners and the whirr of sprinklers.

At last the storm breaks; there is no loud clash of thunder or golden spear of lightning, only the steady pat of the large warm drops as they plummet from the sky. This steady rhythm seems to stir the heart of every member of this town. Children clad in swim suits pour forth into the streets singing and laughing merrily. Parents come forth under strangely-shaped and many-hued umbrellas, on which the rain beats a gentle melody. The main street that was once silent and empty, now seems to sway with the rhythm that the rain beats on the umbrellas as they glide up and down the puddled streets on the shoulders of their owners. The crystal beads on the umbrellas wink merrily at the down-coming rain.

After the storm the town falls back into its idle ways. The only remnants of this gay interlude are the rain-filled awnings from which the water runs, the puddles in which the children splash and play merrily, and the wet umbrellas which are leaning against the front doors to dry.

CLAUDIA DEWAR, VI A.

MEDICAL FOLKLORE

(The speech which placed first in the semi-final of the McGill Alumnae Public Speaking Competition for the St. Francis district. This was given in Sherbrooke on February 12.)

Nosebleeds, toothaches, headaches! What do you do? Run to the doctor, make a bee-line for the medicine-cabinet, or dash off to the corner drug store? Stop! Next time, try a cure from the medical wisdom of a Newfoundland fisherman. After Cabot had visited Newfoundland, there was a continuous flow of "rich-men, poor-men, beggar-men, and thieves" from continental Europe, the Channel Isles, and Great Britain. Each individual brought with him his own substitute for the family doctor. As these people settled in their new-found-land, they came in contact with the native inhabitants, the Beothic Indians and the Atlantic Eskimos. Now you can imagine the healthful remedies originating from Indian, Eskimo, and European prescriptions.

Have you ever seen a person suffering from a nosebleed? Maybe it was that little boy who was hit with a snowball while playing in the pine-tree grove? Next time, take some turpentine from one of the nearby trees and spread it on the victim's nose. If this stings him, or he makes a fuss, there is another cure — a cobweb —. Wind this about his nose. It is infallible.

Ladies! Have you warts on your fingers because you have been using too much hand-lotion? A suggestion from a Newfoundland fisherman would be to find a stick and put as many notches in the stick as you have warts. Hide the stick and presto, your warts will vanish!

We all put off going to the dentist's. We know we shouldn't, but everyone does sympathize with the toothache sufferer even if his misery is his own fault. If you were a true Newfoundland you would never have to go to the dentist's to get rid of your toothache. All you would have to do is get up some starless night and slip quietly off to a graveyard, seek out the last resting-place of your most pious ancestor, take a pebble from his mound and put it in your mouth. Though you might not like scavenging around graveyards in the company of ghosts, it's worth it.

Weren't you on edge last night when you had that piercing headache? No more pills for you. Don't worry! Just walk around in a circle — backwards! Weren't you in agony when you had that pain in your side? Well, cheer up! Don't worry about that either. Be like Demosthenes; put a pebble in your mouth. It will cure your pain as effectively as it cured his stammer. Wasn't that a

scary visit you had from the "old hag" last Saturday night? Nightmares are upsetting, aren't they? No more for you if you find someone to call your name — backwards!

Poor dear old Granny and her rheumatism! If you would like to earn an extra sweet the next time you go to visit her, tell her to catch a large, brown jellyfish, and to put this large brown jellyfish in a bottle of water. When it dissolves she should rub the liquid on her aches and pains, **if** she can disregard the ghastly odour. Before she knows it she will feel as lively as a spring chicken.

No doubt you have spent your lives as slaves to your fear of germs, and have wasted your money on doctors, dentists, and medicines. Perhaps at last you will be able to emancipate yourself from what Bernard Shaw considers "scientific superstitions" and become as happy and healthy as a hardy Newfoundland fisherman.

ELIZABETH SHERIDAN COOK, VI A.

A TRAIN TRIP

"But John, how do you know I'll like it?" asked Dougie, holding on to John's coat for all he was worth.

Little Dougie Preston, the five-year-old, fair-haired son of Mayor Preston of Bobcaygeon, was going for a train ride from Bobcaygeon to Lindsay with his older brother John. Dougie had never travelled anywhere before, except by car, and even then he'd been car-sick; therefore he wasn't at all sure how he would like a train trip.

"Eh, John? How do you — Johnny! Are you sure I'll like it?" whined the little boy.

"Not now, Dougie," replied John impatiently. "I've got to get our tickets in a hurry or we'll miss the train. Tell me after."

John was also a little nervous, for he had never had anyone to take care of before. Soon everything was in order, and before long John and Doug were comfortably seated in the last car of the train.

Look, Johnny! We're higher than all the other peoples and . . ."

"People, not peoples, Doug," corrected John, laughing to himself at the mistake.

"People, then and the cars too!" exclaimed the little boy fervently. "Oh, goody! We're moving!"

John looked at his little brother, who had the same fairness that he had. Dougie's big blue eyes were almost popping out of his head, and his face hadn't moved from the window since they had sat down, but his chubby little arms were constantly moving, either pointing to cows in the fields or

waving to men working beside the tracks. Soon they came to the little town of Dunsford.

"Hey! We're stopping! Look at the big red trucks! What are those men doing? OH! More peoples are getting on. Why do we have to stop?"

Doug fired so many questions at John, that not one was answered before the train started moving again.

"Johnny, look at all those trees and stumps which are growed out in the lake!" burst out the little boy as the train crossed the swamp. "I never saw'd them grow out of lakes before."

Doug was sitting glued to the window when they reached Lindsay half an hour later.

"Come on, Doug, it's time to go. Mom is waiting for us to — Dougie! Hurry up!" shouted John again, when he saw Dougie wasn't moving. Reluctantly Dougie followed John off the train.

"Gee, I liked that!" exclaimed Dougie in the station. "When will we go again, huh? John, huh? Tomorrow?"

"We'll see," smiled John, and the two happy boys disappeared down the street.

JANET BURGOYNE, VI A.

ARE WE VIEWERS RATHER THAN DOERS?

(The speech made at the Finals of the McGill Alumnae Public Speaking Competition, on February 28th at the Redpath Library at McGill.)

What were you **doing** on February the twentieth, nineteen-hundred-and-sixty-two? Think hard! It is in the past. It is now history. What were you **doing** — or — were you **viewing**?

More likely than not, you, in company with the whole North American Continent were viewing John Glenn Junior orbiting the earth, and lucky we are to have been able to view the record of that flight. But wait! Do we know where to draw the line?

"The puck is rolling! He shoots! He scores!" Who scored? You, or that lad on the television, or the boy in the huge stadium, or the one in the movie? Which are we more apt to do in our leisure time — sit — viewing some sport played by professionals — or do we get out on the field with our own football or take to the local pond with our hockey stick, as Grand-daddy did?

You are in the middle of the family Christmas party. When you wish to liven up everyone's spirits, what is your habit? Do you dust off Great-uncle's fiddle and sit dear old Aunt Susie on the piano stool, or do you perch your guests on chairs to watch Dickens' **Christmas Carol** as interpreted

by the C.B.C. or the X.Y.Z.?

I wonder how many of us rush through the supper dishes so that we can join a group of congenial friends at the Little Theatre and sound forth in an Irish tragedy — or an American comedy? Aren't most of us happier watching the dashing Perry Mason rescue some innocent soul from execution?

Glance into a typical sitting-room of to-day. What do you see? Everyone — young and old — mesmerised before the "little box." Now, glance into a similar sitting-room of about a hundred years ago. Papa is reading aloud while some of the ladies are hemming handkerchiefs and others are embroidering tea-cloths. In the corner Auntie is finishing a water-colour and Melinda is netting a purse.

Many people worry to-day when they see the crowds thronging our stadiums and forums. They think of the Roman arena, and **The Decline and Fall**. On the other hand, when they see almost as many people in our art galleries and museums do they really believe that these viewers would be better employed painting tiny flowers on china tea-cups as Great-grandma did? They must also remember that television, properly controlled, is one of the best ways of teaching certain subjects and stimulating interest. It has become an accepted part of almost every school programme. These few examples prove that we, for better or worse, are **viewers**, especially in our leisure time.

Now, I can almost hear you thinking, "With all this talk of viewing has she forgotten that the twentieth century is noted for its extraordinary achievements?"

No, I have not forgotten. One is staggered at the thought of all the **doing** behind Glenn's flight, for instance — behind all the **viewing**. Everyone knows about the scientific discoveries of our generation and the advances in medicine resulting from these. Each child in our world can receive up-to-date inoculations against disease. We look at the comforts of our daily lives as well as at the bridges and buildings and the feats of engineering all over the world. These achievements are the result of tireless, incredible **doing**, not only by the experts, but also by the ordinary, everyday people.

Is the answer to our question perhaps this: in this age of automation the technicians have given us the means and leisure to enrich and broaden our lives with **viewing**, while we need not at the same time neglect the **doing**.

My answer is, "We are viewers, yes; but we are also effective, creative **doers**."

ELIZABETH SHERIDAN COOK, VI A.

BEFORE THE PARTY

It was New Year's Eve, and as it was a special evening, the little town of St. Francis was preparing for its annual parties. The procedure is always as thrilling for the ones giving the parties as for the people going. Christine Collings was invited to a dance at Shelley's and it was supposed to be quite a big "do", so she was very excited.

"Heavens! Mother, where is my dress? Hasn't it arrived? — Whew! Here it is, but Ma---um, I haven't even had a bath yet and he's picking me up in an hour," Christine shouted as was the habit between Mother and daughter since Mother was usually in the kitchen!

"I'm right across the hall, dear; you needn't scream. Hurry up and have your bath and I'll get some of the confusion in your room tidied. If you'd only just put things —."

Remembering that it was Christmas, Mother once again refrained from nagging.

"Mummy, I forgot my sponge. Could you bring it, please. Oh! No! I think I heard Jimmy come in. That spells trouble. Can't you keep him downstairs for a while. He's such a pest and —."

Jimmy, her ten-year-old brother, interrupted Christine's pleas.

"Mummy, where's my watergun? I've just come in to get some of Christine's pickies so I can play "Pick-Up Sticks."

"Don't you dare," came the horrified shout from the bathroom. "I need those pickies. I've been wondering where they were all going. If you don't find the rest of them there will be trouble for you, boy!"

"Girls! Those things only make your hair stick out like a haystack anyway." Jimmy delighted in getting his sister angry and he usually succeeded to the point of her use of rather coarse words.

"Oh, shut-up! Why don't you go play with your silly friends. Mother, please get rid of him so I can get ready."

No, Christine certainly didn't need encouragement in getting annoyed before a party, especially since John had invited her. She had been raving about him for weeks, but had nearly given up hope of his ever asking her for a date, until he had phoned the week before. She had nearly fainted when she had heard his voice. Fancy his asking her, out of all the other popular girls in St. Francis. She was now set on making the other girls green with jealousy.

"Jimmy, come here a minute," commanded Mother. "Listen, do anything, but don't go pestering Christine, because she will never be

ready. Now, Go!"

"Hand me a towel please, Mum. Thanks. Oh! I can hardly wait to arrive with John and see their faces. I didn't tell Karen, because she would be so jealous. Ooooh! I hate her. You know what she did last week? She----." Resuming her chat with Mother, Christine was again interrupted by the telephone ringing.

"No, dear, but hurry or you'll be late. There goes the phone. Quick, here is your dressing gown; now, start dressing."

Mrs. Collings pulled Christine out of the bathroom and shoved her into a bedroom, nicely decorated but not elaborate. Then she ran out to seize hold of the telephone receiver. Christine began searching under the bed.

"Oh! Where is everything?" she muttered. Then as she pulled her hand away from something that she was caught in, she broke her gold chain.

"Darn it! Well, I guess I don't wear my chain to-night," she moaned. Managing to heighten her voice to a shout, she said, "I just broke my gold chain, Mum."

"Shhh! Can't you hear? I'm on the phone. Wear the other one, then," Mrs. Collings snapped, as she really did not see why the T.V. repair man should ring up on a New Year's Eve even if it was considerate of him. Besides, it could do Jimmy no harm to cease watching T.V. for a while.

Christine was still exclaiming to herself, "Am I ever glad that creep Mike Jameson isn't taking me to that awful party at Carey's house. It really squished him when I told him I had a date. It never entered his mind that Christine Collings would go with anyone else but him. Oh! My gosh! Only ten more minutes!"

Christine was interrupted while expressing her thoughts by the terrible 'ding-dong' of the doorbell. "No, no! It can't be. Help! Mum get off the phone. He's here. What am I going to do?"

She darted about the room making frantic efforts to get ready and suddenly bumped into Jimmy, who had sauntered in with an air of great amusement. He actually had the nerve to laugh.

"Ha! Ha! I fooled you. You thought it was John. What a riot!" He looked at her cynically and sauntered back out of the room.

"Oh! You little brat! I nearly had heart failure. How could you do that? Why don't you grow up?" Christine collapsed onto the bed in utter resignation.

"Jimmy, if you don't behave yourself, you will end up sorry. Now, go to your room this minute," Mother ordered. Silence fell. "Now!" A scuttering

of feet and Jimmy was heard of no more that night.

"Chrisy, pull yourself together. Now, you are almost ready."

Walking sedately into the room, Mrs. Collings cheered up Christine and began organizing things. Christine arose and, after a couple of minutes, forgot the episode.

"Mum, Sue told me -- the other day -- that she was going steady with Tom. I told her that she was nuts so she can't stand me -- but don't you think she is crazy? After all, she has just moved to this town. No one will pay any attention to her and then when she breaks up with Tom she won't know anyone. Could you pass my shoes? Thanks! Ugh! My hair is all frizzy. Can you fasten my necklace? Should I wear my new coat? I think I will."

With that Christine dashed from the room down to the hall cupboard, fetched her coat, and then dashed, with equal lack of grace, back into her bedroom. All this time, Mother had stood, her left eyebrow raised as was her habit, looking anxiously after her daughter and thinking how nice it was to be old.

"'Tis the season to be jolly, fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la! There I'm all ready -- well, nearly. Was that John's car I heard drive up outside? I hope not, because I haven't combed out my hair yet or --."

But poor Christine was out of luck this time. The doorbell went 'ding-dong' in her ears and a piercing yell ensued. "I can't possibly make it. You comb my hair while I put on my make-up. Now, the spray net. Cough! Splutter! Careful, Mum, that's enough--shoes, coat, scarf, gloves, what else?"

Exasperated, Christine ran downstairs.

"That's fine, dear," her mother called after her. Christine tore into the lounge, pinched her cheeks for new colour, and giving her hair the last push into place she walked to the front door and opening it said cheerfully, "Hi!"

SHIREEN FINCH, VI A.

THE WRONG CLIENT

Jean Tindale was very busy making the endless preparations for a cocktail party. Jim was bringing his Board and their wives home for a supper-inclusive. There was a light but demanding knock on the door. Jean hastily put the last guest-towel on the chrome rack in the hall bathroom, and tripping violently over a vacuum cleaner cord, she reached the front door. It opened with a creak of protesting hinges onto the snow-flurries which were the porch. Jean's mental note was "I must get Howard to try his bicycle oil on those hinges."

A young man materialized with his great-coat collar turned up around his ears.

"Good morning, Ma'am," remarked the stranger pleasantly.

(Silence ensued while the busy housewife refused to take any hint from his continual shivering.)

"May I come in, Mrs. ----ah----?"

"Tindale," answered Jean, and sighing inwardly, added "Please do come in."

As the visitor was stamping his feet on the doormat, Janet the house-maid came running up, profound despair in every word.

"Ma'am, there's a hole in the Venetian lace, and the Irish lace is **much** too big for the table!"

"Never mind, Janet," soothed Jean, already on the way to the dining-room. The visitor followed, divested of his coat and carrying a large volume labelled "Hints on General Housekeeping."

"Oh, I think I see what we can do," mused Jean. "Janet, you take that end of the table and pull, and I'll take this end." Suddenly noticing her follower for the first time, "No! You (waving her hand at him) pull here and I'll put the extra leaves in the middle." Mostly to herself. "I hope the Hathaways get here to-night; that will fill the table."

She turned to be confronted by her visitor again. He held out his bundle.

"Mrs. Tindale, you really should look at this wonderful —" An abrupt halt as Howard T. collided violently with him on the way to the kitchen; the salesman smiled bravely — "wonderful edition of "Hints on General Housekeeping," which will always come in —," but Mrs. Tindale had vanished after Howard.

"No food at this time of the morning, young man!" Her voice from the kitchen was sharp. "Cook is **very** busy. Go and get your speller; page six; find me when you know them."

When the salesman had recovered slightly he followed to the kitchen. He found Mrs. Tindale perched high on a red stool by the gleaming freezer, with Cook breathing down her neck. Cook — solid, comfortable, reliable, a black cookery genius — was the mainstay of the Tindale family. Into the council of war just begun sauntered the salesman.

"Now, Madam, here is an excellent recipe for a quick soufflé —!"

"Yes, yes," smiled Mrs. Tindale from her perch, and continued to confer with Cook. "Yes, Cook, a fish casserole will accommodate the Roman Catholics," and Cook's "Yes, Ma'am!" held a note of regret for the "quick soufflé."

Jean then heard sounds of indolent whisking from the library and surprised Janet flicking at the dust on the telephone.

"No, no, Janet," she protested. "Wipe!"

A flick of her cloth sent a fine powder of dust into the young man's face.

"Now, what were you saying?"

Rather wearily he began again. "I have a wonderful edition of 'Hints on General Housekeeping.' This book will help you with **any** problem in the art of housekeeping, Mrs. Tindale."

"Art!" laughed Mrs. Tindale. "What an art!"

At this point Howard appeared again. He stood, feet apart, hands clasped tightly behind his back, eyes closed as if trying to retain the visual image of his words, and recited rapidly. (Mumble---mumble---mumble.) Mrs. Tindale was amused, but uncompassionate.

"All right, Howard, give me the book."

Grinning sheepishly he started again. "Spelling—S-p-e-l-i-n-g. — No? he faltered. "S-p-p-e-l-i-n-g? Gee, I guess I don't really know them after all!" and he looked genuinely surprised at this discovery.

The clock struck twelve soft chimes, breaking the silence ensuing after young Howard's departure.

"Now what did you want to tell me about?" smiled Mrs. Tindale politely.

All at once the salesman felt very tired. "Madam, I want to wish you and your household a **very** Merry Christmas," and with a smile full of the season's good will, he whisked through the door and closed it after him.

On the inside of the door the busy housewife smiled to herself, and hurried off to lunch. On the outside of the door the young man pitched the heavy book he was carrying into a snow-bank and started across the street humming. As he faded into the snow the tune gradually died away.

CATHERINE WOOTTON, VI A.



There once was a Comptonite, Kay,
Who thought she could turn night to day;
At nights she would talk,
Then be sent on croc-walks
For a week — she learned the hard way!

JANET BURGOYNE, VI A.

CONCEPTION OF FAIRYLAND

Do you believe in fairies? Please say you do, for every time a person says, "I don't believe in fairies," somewhere, somehow a little fairy dies. I have always believed in fairies. Last night I mapped out in my mind such a beautiful picture of it that I feel I must share it with you. I have often felt that all the beautiful things in the world are part of fairyland — a foaming waterfall, a dark wood, rays of sunshine through a frosty window, or a bed of daffodils, but last night I felt sure that the capital city of fairyland is on what Shakespeare calls "the beached margent of the sea." I don't know what sea-shore or how to get there, for if I did I would be there now. I don't believe that it is an outstandingly lovely piece of beach; it wouldn't need to be with hosts of winged fairies to beautify it. A dark sea, a short stretch of beach, and a cliff constituted the framework of the place I saw. The cliff was not especially high; the only unusual thing about it was that it was made of very clear rock which looked a bit like quartz and had a luminous quality about it. The sea was quite rough, but where the moon had cast a silver pathway across the water, not a drop stirred. Sailing up this silver way were many tiny ships coming from all over the fairy kingdom, carrying their loads of "sandalwood, cedarwood, and sweet white wine." At the point where the pathway met the land was a little harbour, and here, held to the land by twisted cobwebs, were all manner of ships — ocean liners, galleons, sailing boats, canoes — all on a miniature scale, of course.

Up against the cliff wall was the fairy village, each little house a sand castle. A whole row of little shops, each one displaying its wares, lined the main street. Outside a grocery store I saw leaning against a barrel of acorns, an advertisement for sugared moonbeams, and beside it a staff of gingerbread fairies. A dress shop invited fairy mothers to clothe their little girls in super-spun cobweb dresses with a wisp of cloud at the waist. A furniture store claimed that mattresses made out of milkweed down were the softest yet. The little road winding through the village was paved with seashells and lined on either side with silver pinecones. This lane led out of the village to a magnificent sand castle, the home of the fairy king and queen. The palace was built on a grassy terrace surrounded by a silvery moat. Though it was made of sand, as I have said, the sand was so closely packed that it resembled yellow brick. The castle was minaretted at each corner, and topped by a

large, onion-shaped dome. The windows were all made of stained stardust and each one depicted a scene from a different part of fairyland. It was surrounded and almost obscured by an ethereal haze, which further increased the atmosphere of unreality. A pathway going down towards the sea brought me to an esplanade, also lined with sea shells. Following this path, I saw a large outdoor pavilion where all the older fairies and also some teenage ones were dancing. The music was the most unrealistic thing that I had come across yet. It was a mixture of an almost wild, primitive beat, and the airy haunting music that I had always expected fairy music to sound like. It was made by a twenty-piece orchestra, the players seated in the middle of the floor. One musician attracted me especially. He was terribly old and withered with a long white beard flowing down to his knees. I had formerly thought that fairies were eternal creatures, but when I saw this white beard, I began to realize how like human beings fairies really are. He was playing an instrument which resembled a gourd, but on looking closer, I found it to be made of walnut shell, strung with angels' hair. The mother and father fairies were doing a ceremonial dance up and down the floor, changing partners, and whirling around on feet that barely touched the floor. Their feathery wings were tucked behind them, but every now and then, when a couple would become tired of the crush on the floor, they would unfold their wings and fly up above the pavilion to dance in the air. Imagine my surprise when I saw some younger fairies hiding behind the band doing the twist! They were obviously getting such a lot of fun out of it that I was tempted to go and join them, but when I put one foot forward, I looked at it, and remembered that these fairies were no bigger than my toe.

I had now visualized almost all of fairyland, and was just getting ready to turn over and go to sleep when I saw some little boy fairies who had left their beds. They had built a slide into the sea, and were mirthfully slipping down it into the water, emerging with everything wet and bedraggled, including their wings. It was with the thought that next summer I would be doing exactly the same thing, that I fell asleep.

Now, the next time anyone says to you, "Do you believe in fairies?" just think of all the gaiety and beauty you will be depriving one little fairy of, if you foolishly answer, "Pooh, of course I don't believe in fairies!"

ESTHER FRANKLIN, VI A.

WILLY

Have you ever had the experience of living with a wild animal such as a racoon? Do you think that you would really know what to do if you were given a racoon as a gift? Mum and Dad had wanted to give the three girls in the family a small animal to care for. While reading the ads. in the MONTREAL STAR, they came across an ad. saying that there was a baby racoon for sale. Mum decided that she would see this little animal and decide whether it was worth buying. Dad knew that as soon as Mum saw it she would want the racoon. On Christmas morning we found the racoon under the Christmas tree in a little cage.

The racoon was christened William — Willy for short. He was about two feet long counting his tail and still had his baby fur. He had a black mask over his brown eyes and blackish brown stripes circling his tail. Although Willy was only six months old, he was quite big and very rolly-polly.

Apparently racoons are supposed to be very clean about their eating habits. As soon as Willy was allowed to go freely about the house, after we had locked everything up securely, we would feed him in the kitchen with Mr. Mudderidge, the dog. We would give Willy a dish of water, an egg and a bowl of alphabits, since he was very fond of sugar. As soon as we placed the dishes on the floor, Willy would have a race with the dog into the kitchen and would wash his face and paws. That would create a big problem! He wouldn't dry his hands, so that he made four wet marks while eating his breakfast. Then after washing his hands, Willy would pick up the egg and play "Catch the Egg"—if you can. As soon as he had caught the egg he would demolish it and start washing the alphabits. This also created a problem because when he tried to pick up a handful of alphabits to wash them, they would fly all over the kitchen floor. In the end, however, Willy ate them all up. After this ceremonial act — as you might call it — Willy would wash his hands and face once more and would prance off, leaving a trail of wet paw marks behind him.

Earth and ashes seemed to interest him the most. When he climbed over the chairs blockading the sun-room, he would run across the room and start digging madly at an avacado plant. Mum, having heard the chairs falling, would come into the room and find Willy sitting on his seat as contented as a cow chewing her cud. Another time Mum found him sitting in the fireplace, absolutely black, and playing with the ashes.

By this time three weeks had passed and Willy had not been outside. (He was house trained and had a little box especially for him so that we never took him outside.) Because Willy was from the south he was not accustomed to the cold. We bundled him up and put a leash on him and took him out. As soon as he felt the cold he ran right back into the house, and so we decided that we would wait until it was a little milder before we would bring him outside again.

At about the beginning of May, Dad built an outside cage for Willy so that he could stay outside all summer and not tear the house to pieces. Willy was very intelligent, because he already understood his name and came when we called him, and he had also opened his cage door quite a few times by himself. One Sunday morning in June I woke up and heard my sister calling Dad outside.

I got up just in time to hear, "It's all right Dad, I've found Willy. He's up in this tree."

Apparently, Willy had freed himself the night before, but of course we were too ignorant to believe that Willy had freed himself. We blamed ourselves for not having shut the cage door securely. After church I went to the cage to feed Willy but found the door open. I asked Dad if he had taken Willy out for a walk, but he said that he hadn't seen Willy since early that morning. We searched for Willy for two solid weeks, but didn't find a sign of him. Everyone in the family was heart-broken because we had learned to love the racoon as one of the family. Through the racoon's instinct and God's care we know he will live in his new free life.

SUSAN MARPOLE, VI A.

ONE BRAVE, BOLD HUSBAND

A young couple were sitting before the fire. It was their thirteenth anniversary. Tony and Susan had been living in their new home for thirteen days — the home by the rippling brook which they had scraped and saved for during the last two years of the war, the home which Susan had dreamt of ever since "Uncle Wiggley" had been read to her at bed-time. They had arrived home from their fun-filled month-long honeymoon at eleven-thirty in the evening exactly thirteen days ago and now were nestled cozily in their very own drawing room.

"Ho hum! I'm sleepy! Aren't you, dear? Time for Mr. Sandman to come, don't you think?" Susan yawned and stretched, as Tony tipped the bottom of his mug and drained the last drop of cocoa.

"Funny how a fire's glowing embers can lull you to sleep. I'm jolly tired, too, come on, honey, we better hit the sack."

Tony jumped out of his armchair by the hearth and with an unexpected swoop Susan was cradled in his arms and bundled up the narrow staircase to their bedroom in the attic beneath the sloping eaves.

"Did I tell you that Jane Thompson and Tom what's-his-name are engaged? Mrs. Squires told me this morning as she was scrubbing the front porch. Isn't it amazing how that woman knows about every Tom, Dick and Harry! Do you know that she was the one who told me Aunt Mazie Carter was remarrying? She knew it even before Mommy did, Mazie's own sister! Tony, do you think, Tony? Tony, you have'nt heard a word I've said."

The big bulk beside her turned over, gave the pillow a friendly pound, then snored piercingly as Susan snuggled under the covers, feeling rather jilted.

The clock ticked on. It was early morning, nearly three o'clock. Susan sat up with a start. Her heart leaped up her trachea, then down again; missed a few beats; then pounded violently within her. What was it? Yes, there was a rustle downstairs. A slow swish, swish sound. Maybe it was an old beggar padding across the hardwood floor with scuffed-out moccasins! The sound was clearer now; it was sharper. No, it couldn't be chains like Marley had worn! "Tony," she instantly thought. "Tony will make this intruder run as fast as his scuffing feet can carry him."

She nudged Tony. No response. She poked him. Then, as the limp body beside her continued breathing normally, she nudged even harder, poked frantically as she shivered with fright. At last Tony grunted and made a stirring movement, but he only turned over and was once more in a deep slumber.

"What do you do with a husband who won't awaken to protect his wife?" thought Susan, as visions of robberies — what was worth stealing in their little house — cutthroats, pirates, and Captain Hooks floated through her head. Where was her "Peter Pan?" — Sound asleep beside her!

Suddenly Tony sat bolt upright, listened, shook his head, fidgeted, then glanced at his bewildered wife.

"There's somebody in our house, besides mice and ourselves," stammered Susan, trying to put all trace of fear out of her voice.

Tony patted her arm as he whispered, "Don't worry, honey, I'll take care of him," in such a brave unflinching voice that Susan swelled with pride in her chivalrous husband.

Tony crept out of bed, tip-toed down the creaking attic stairs with an old battered torch in his hand. He searched the ground floor high and low, becoming bolder and bolder as he saw no vestige of any intruders.

"Check outside, just so I can rest assured, please," came Susan's faint plea from over the railing of the attic stairs.

"If it will make you happy, but I really think that it was just the wind," came Tony's reply as he threw a mackintosh over his shoulders and pulled on a pair of wellingtons.

He rounded the side of the house. "Blow!" His torch gave out on him. He groped around for the ladder which he knew he was due to bump into any minute. "Ouch!" Another stubbed toe on a jagged protruding rock. Suddenly Tony froze; he felt someone's cold hands around his neck; horses could not have kept him; he turned around and made a blinding bolt for the house and Susan. He gained the front door, slammed and bolted it, then dashed up the stairs to the awaiting Susan who still stood on the stairs, grabbed her and together they scrambled into bed, way down under the covers. Susan asked no questions; actions were enough; she gathered Tony must have met his grandmother's ghost.

In the kitchen the next morning, Tony was relating the events of his hair-raising walk around the corner of the house. He polished off his second piece of unburnt toast, took his coffee mug to the window and pointed out to Susan the exact place where his attacker must have stood. No, it couldn't be; he would never live it down, but yes, the clothesline stared back at him. Then Tony realized that there had been no attacker but that he, the brave, bold husband had walked into the clothesline, which was strung from a tree to the window ledge!

ELIZABETH COOK, VI A.



There once was a beatnik from Toole,
Who went to the Arctic by mule;
When asked how it was,
He replied through his fuzz —
"Why Daddyo! It was like — COOL!"

CAROLYN GIBSON, VI A.

THE MUSIC OF EVERYDAY LIFE

To me, music is not only the sort that probably comes to your minds when you hear the word — the works of such celebrated composers as Bach and Beethoven. Certainly, these have brought enjoyment to millions of young and old alike and will continue to do so for many more years, but to me all the sounds of life are, in a way, music. Most of us are inclined to take for granted the sounds we consider everyday and humdrum. For a minute, try to think of some of the many sounds that go unnoticed in an ordinary day.

Let's imagine a typical June day during the summer holidays. You are awakened by the grandfather clock outside your bedroom chiming eight. Slowly, you drag yourself out of bed, and as you pass the bathroom on your way downstairs to breakfast, you hear your father blasting out a song in the shower. The kitchen is full of activity. Indeed, the merry whistle of the kettle and the spit of cooking bacon is music to the ears of a hungry person. After breakfast, the clatter of dishes fills the air as they are washed and dried. Just as you are putting away the last dish, and perhaps day-dreaming about how you plan to spend your free afternoon, you feel a small, furry body rub against your legs, and hear a hungry "meow!"

"Oh, no!" you say to yourself. "You little pest! You're always hungry!" — but you know, as well as I do, how this pleading little cry is missed when you are away from home.

In the afternoon, you may decide to visit a friend and take a short cut through the orchard on the way. The golden sun is shining brilliantly, and everything around you seems to radiate perfect bliss. Birds are singing, and an annoyed squirrel sternly scolds you as you pass under the spreading boughs of an apple tree, thick with green foliage and showing a few last blossoms. A deep buzzing is now distinctly heard, and as you glance down at your feet, you see a busy honey bee making its rounds. A few minutes later, you jump a brook that is laughing merrily, and you are tempted to stop for just a moment to dangle your feet in the refreshing cool, clear water.

That night, after supper, the telephone rings, and I'm sure you know how welcome **that** music can be, especially when you feel sure the person calling is that special someone you've been waiting to hear from all day. This decides how the remainder of the evening is to be spent, and it isn't until bedtime that you can relax again and appreciate the many sounds of a June night. You lie awake in bed for a while listening to the eternal

chirping of the cricket — on and on it goes. Your eyelids begin to feel heavy. In the distance an owl hoots . . . then you are asleep.

Thinking back on the picture I have given you, can you imagine what this day would have been like without any of the sounds which at the time seem so unimportant, but as you now realize are actually so precious? I'm sure the next time you hear a thunderstorm or a baby cry or the patter of raindrops on a roof, you'll take the time to stop, listen, and feel thankful that we have been blessed with all this "music" which adds a golden touch to the beauty of life.

CAROLYN GIBSON, VI A.

ABERDAM

Slowly bicycling along the paved Dutch road I gazed at the countryside, straining my neck so that I could view as much as possible from my elevated perch. It was one of those rare, hot sunny days, in which everything looked so tranquil and carefree. Going past an adjoining field I let out a shrill "Moo," to get the attention of the self-satisfied looking cows. I must admit this sudden outburst startled me more than the cows, for they merely gave me a steady "are-you-crazy" look, and continued with their munching. In fact, as far as I could see, the only signs of life came from two crows squabbling over a rotten orange. On looking as far as the horizon I felt that perhaps the textbooks and Columbus had made a mistake in announcing that the world was round; as far as I could see the world looked flat, and soon I might drop over the edge. Windmills reigned majestically over the patchwork fields, hemmed in by trim fences. Neat little brick farms with shingled roofs lay dotted over the countryside, surrounded by man-planted trees.

Bumpy, bump, bump! I did not continue my thoughts for sometime for I'd come to a cobble road and it took all my concentration to keep bicycling and prevent myself from bouncing off my seat! As I approached a black and white sign my spirits brightened, for it indicated that I was now entering the town of Aberdam. The cobble road, which at heart I'd felt so bitterly towards, added to the picturesque quaintness of this fishing town. Although Aberdam had been badly bombed during the war and was in great need of repairs, the layers of plaster missing from the buildings, coupled with broken windows, added to the town's rustic look. The houses were built up at the edge of the road, blending in colour with each other. On the roof

tops birds twittered, jumping on the weather-vanes and chimneys. Also adding to the vividness of the town were washing lines freshly girded and drunkenly swaggering in the breeze. Sidewalk cafés were filled with laughing, boisterous voices — a sign that fishing had been good and everyone was enjoying the prosperity! Along the small alley-like road, the old buildings loomed dangerously overhead, while laughing children ran beside them, playing some game, which included knocking over the garbage cans.

At last I reached the wild, treacherous sea, where thunderous waves crashed down against the dykes. On the dunes some women and children were mending fishing nets, which lay strewn over the sand. Above, scavenging sea-gulls circled, keen of eye to see any prey below. At intervals they plummeted to the sea, coming up again with maybe a fish. Resting on the banks were weathered fishing boats, covered with seaweed. They looked old and tired and as if filled like a story-book, full of tales.

As I left the town of Aberdam, the people's smiling faces and lazy attitude to life produced on me a happy impression of the Dutch fishing village, making me almost envious!

NICOLA DRUCE, VI A.

A BLIZZARD

"And don't forget, do not take any short cuts!"

Liz slammed the back door as her mother shouted warnings to her. After all, she was now fourteen years old and was perfectly able to look after herself. She held tight onto the hand of John, her four-year-old brother.

As they walked down the road, Liz gazed around her. How fortunate they were to live in a nice house just outside the little missionary town of St. Anthony, Newfoundland. She paid little attention to where she was going, flinging over her arm the basket which would soon be filled with fresh fish. Suddenly she heard John's plaintive little voice.

"Liz, why is it getting so cold and dark so soon? I want to go home."

"Oh, Johnny, do grow up! You'd think a little walk to the grocery store was a torture the way you and mother talk about it."

For about half-an-hour they ambled on, talking little, and unobservant of their constantly changing environment. For the first time, Liz lifted her eyes from the dirt road. The sight she saw slightly surprised her, but she got into no great panic. The

sky had turned completely grey and although she had a winter jacket on, she could feel the biting wind on her bare neck.

"John, I think there might be a storm coming, so we'd better hurry a bit."

After about ten more minutes she realized that walking at this pace was going to be no good. They must find shelter . . . but where? She wiped away the few drops of snow that had fallen on her freckled snub nose. She thought she could remember having seen a shack about halfway across one of the fields in front of her, but yet . . . she wasn't sure. Picking up Johnny and putting him on her back, Liz made her way as quickly as possible across the field.

"Liz, I'm cold," sobbed little John, "and I want Mommy."

"Well, there's nothing I can do about that so please be quiet."

She tried to overcome the panic which filled her as she looked around the white world soon to envelop her. Faster and faster she ran, stumbling over anything that came in her way. The faster she seemed to run the farther away the shack seemed to be. She stopped suddenly and her little brother slid from her back. John looked up into her anxious eyes; Liz knew he had seen the tears. There must be something to do! Although she could literally not see a yard in front of her she sensed that there was shelter near. Hand in hand, brother and sister walked on in what seemed an endless search.

"L-O-O-K!" John suddenly shouted.

Ahead of them was an overturned horse's cart. What a help! Why couldn't there have been a shack — or something warm? They leaned against it, Johnny in tears and Liz on the verge. Their hands were completely numb and therefore they could not possibly turn the cart over for shelter. The real truth finally came to Liz and she could not control herself. Wasn't there any way to wake up from this bad dream? This couldn't be true!

Liz let out a scream as a little bundle fell on the hard snow with a bang — Johnny! Liz dragged him over to the sheltered side of the wagon and sat down beside him — He was sobbing, although he was almost senseless. On and on everything went until finally she too fell into a long, deep sleep.

"Liz, for goodness sake, wake up! The breakfast bell is just about to go!"

"Are we safe, really safe?" Liz, opening her eyes, suddenly realized it had all been a dream!

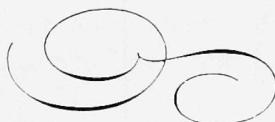
PATRICIA BALLOCH, VI A.

BESIDE THE STILL WATERS

Wearily Don climbed out of bed and shuffled into his slippers. Stumbling over a shoe, he reached the window and gazed out at the calm lake. It was a beautiful day and what a day it would be for fishing! Now completely awake, Don slipped into his clothes and rushed downstairs, to find his father ready to leave. After eating a hearty breakfast of bacon, eggs and toast, Don was ready for the three mile walk that lay ahead. Starting off briskly they climbed the steep path that led to the Leautiful lake situated high among the mountains. Finally they reached their destination and after getting a few things out of the old wooden Boat-house they pushed off from the shore onto the placid lake, causing a small ripple of waves. They gently dipped the cracked oars into the clear blue water and rowed to their favourite spot near a pile of rocks where they always caught a lot of fish. They dropped the anchor with a splash that echoed because of the quietness of the atmosphere. Settled comfortably on their seats they relaxed in the sun — beside the still waters. The sun was shining brightly, causing the water to glisten like a chest of jewels. The clear blue water served as a mirror as Don searched for a sign of fish below. The lake was so quiet that one could have heard a pin splash. A moose swam across the lake in front of them, but he too moved with the silence of the wild, glancing across the lake to see if another moose was following. The reflection of the surrounding mountains caught Don's eye. The birch and maple trees bobbed gently as a slight breeze rose on the tranquil lake and then died quickly. All around the lake the reflection of the graceful trees formed a chain with only one link broken by the small lonely boat-house, the only building on the shore.

Suddenly the sound of Don's voice split the air as he exclaimed, "I've got a whopper!" At first glance it looked as if his rod would crack in two, as the fish fought gallantly. Slowly Don reeled in the beautiful speckled trout, but as the fish broke the surface he gave a final twist and freed himself from the small hook. Quickly he swam to the silent depths of the lake and all was serene again.

SUSAN WHITE, VI A.



RÉNÉ

Down the river they swept, these three birch-bark canoes, one in front, two following abreast. The man in the first canoe was my eldest brother, just returning from his first season of being a coureur de bois. Along with the rest of my family — my three little sisters, my twin brother, and Maman and Papa, I was standing on the dock, eager to greet brother Réné and to see what six months in the backwoods had done to him. Now they were about fifteen feet from us, now they were even closer, and then Réné sprang out of his canoe and was in the midst of his admiring family! He had grown so handsome and manly during his absence that I hardly recognized him. His strong rugged face had been bronzed by the sun and he had developed large sinewy muscles in his arms and legs. In fact, they were so strong that when he hugged me, he almost squeezed the breath out of me. He hadn't shaved once since he had gone away, he told us, and one look at his thick black beard convinced me of this. His hair had grown down to his shoulders and his jutting eyebrows had become even shaggier. In short, I thought he looked as though a session with "le coiffeur" would not do him much harm.

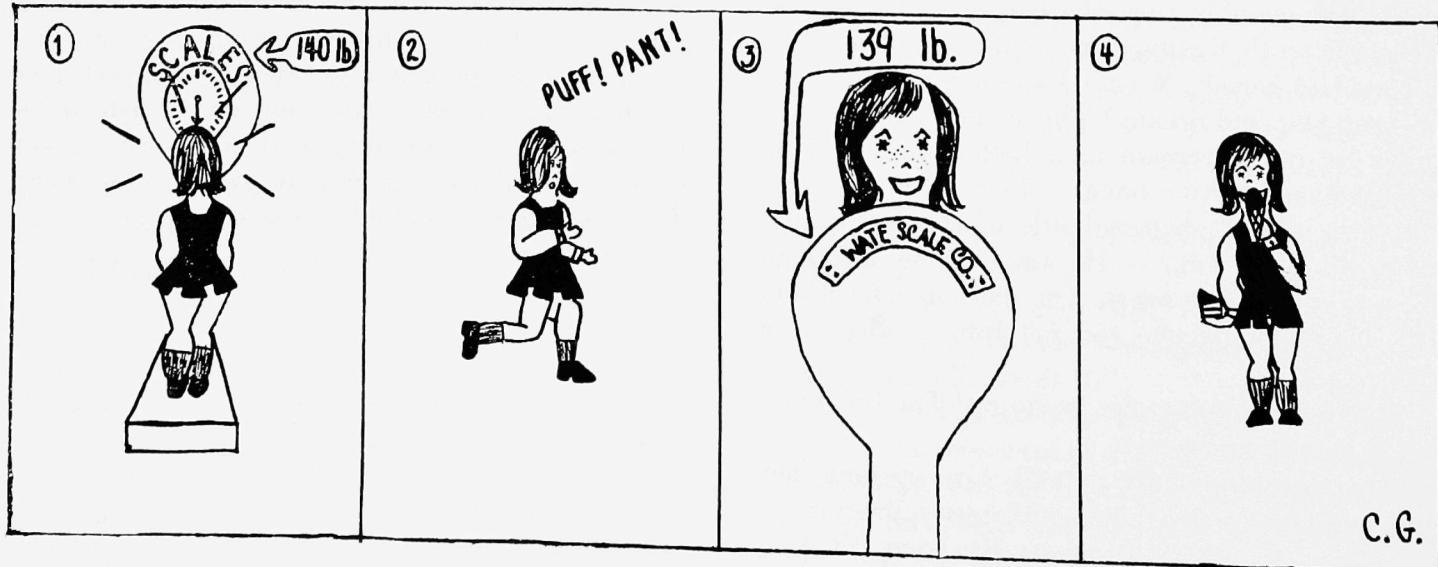
As his large dark eyes smiled down into mine in greeting, I remembered how they used to have such a sad, dour expression in them, contre le monde, they seemed to be. Now, they were continually laughing — not at the world, but with it — and the frown which used to so disfigure his forehead had been completely ironed away. Whether

the sun had shrunken his skin and erased it in that way, or whether the lines had just transferred themselves to the corners of his eyes and remained there as laughing wrinkles, I was not to know, but it certainly was an improvement.

Whenever he spoke, and especially when he laughed, which was often, the muscles in his throat rippled back and forth. This fascinated my twin, Josef, so much that he afterwards confided that he never heard a word that Réné said; he was too busy staring at his throat. Josef has always been like that, however, intrigued by the unusual.

Réné had exchanged the gaudy homespun that he had worn when he left home for a much more practical outfit made entirely of deerskin. Personally I thought it looked quite well on him; it made him look much taller than his five and three-quarters feet, and it seemed to diminish the hump shouldered look that he still had not lost! However, Papa said that such an outfit was entirely un-called for in such a civilized community as Trois Rivières, and that the first thing Réné was to do when he reached the house was to change into some decent clothing. He had slung a squirrel-gun across his back and the brightly-coloured woollen sash which he had wound around his lean waist had a long, vicious-looking knife tucked in behind it. With his coon-skin cap perched on the back of his head, his beaded Indian moccasins on his feet, and the three canoes full of furs out on the river, my brother was a true coureur de bois and a French Canadian.

ESTHER FRANKLIN, VI A.



VI B



Picture Credits on page 52.

VI B FORM REPORT

VI B was a busy year for all of us. First, Jane Stewart and Cheryl McDermid were elected Form and Sports Captains respectively. As the term passed on, Hallowe'en drew near and we became busier than ever because VI B was responsible for the dining-room decorations. Making the decorations was a hard task, but all those on the Art Committee had fun making the black cats, the fearful goblins, and the huge pumpkin door. As VI B's part of the entertainment in the Hallowe'en festivities a skit was performed to the song "What Did Delaware?"

On the last few Saturdays of the Christmas term everyone was busy buying toys and candy in the village, and on the final Saturday of term we exchanged Christmas stockings. Naturally, the stocking for Miss Ramsay contained a package of rice pudding mix!

We started out the Easter term by electing Kathryn Wickson as our Form Captain and Bridget Blackader as our Sports Captain.

Skiing was our main outside activity during this

term. We went to Hillcrest several times and on March 10th, Miss Reid took a group of us on a cross-country ski hike.

The third term our Form and Sports Captains were Andrea Newman and Elizabeth Stikeman.

On April 29th, the school had its annual "Red Cross Night" and VI B came forth with donations of blouses, shirts, dresses and an array of stuffed animals. Without the untiring help of Mademoiselle Gauthier, and the encouragement of our Red Cross representative, Gertrude Leslie, we are sure we would not have had such a fine display.

Also in the third term the VI B's, under the direction of Miss J. Macdonald, produced the third act of "The Importance of Being Earnest." We are all very grateful to Miss Macdonald for giving us so much of her time and talent.

Throughout the year we met weekly in the lounge to discuss various news events under the guidance of Miss Menzies, who was kind enough to give us her free time.

To Miss Ramsay, our Form Mistress, we are also very grateful for keeping us in line and in form.

VI B PERSONALITIES

Thump, crash, giggle, giggle! The VI B's are at it again!

Above the dim is heard "My deal." "No, it's mine!" "Fish!" SHEILA SALMOND and BARBARA MONK are matching their wits in a fast game of cards. The game is ended abruptly as the class bell sounds and the noise ceases (well almost).

KATHIE MILLS stands up in Latin class and recites "do, dare, davi," instead of "do, dare, dedi"; BRIDGET BLACKADER and NONIE WRIGHT are heatedly discussing with Mr. Roberts who REALLY did sink the "Bismark" (the Germans did! — N.W. & B.B.)

KATHIE WICKSON is up at the board in French class, as usual, and while we are on the subject, CHER McDERMID is one of the select few who speak French with a western drawl! In English Class ANDREA JELLOCOE offers to cite an example, "May I quote?" while TRUDY LESLIE carefully explains the meaning of a word. "The dictionary says. . ." POGI VICKERS takes Miss Macdonald's slogan "Pull up your socks!" literally.

In any class we can hear MARGO DOUGLAS protesting, "But I didn't have my hand up!"

Between classes DEBBIE GILL is heard wailing, "I just flunked that test!"

JANE STEWART and MARGIE WEBSTER are both busily writing in their prep books — but not their preps. Jane is making lists of what to take home, and Margie's counting her calories!

At last the bell to end classes rings, and ANN and ELIZABETH STIKEMAN rush to each other to compare their marks. B. J. PUNNETT brings out her air-mail paper and dashes off a six-page "note" to one of her friends, while ANDREA ROSS is still trying to think of an opening sentence.

WENDY RANKIN is raising a cheer for the ARMY as SANDY SOUTHAM searches for a pair of scissors to cut out clippings of the Hamilton TI-CATS.

NANCI MACDONALD disappears out of the door as she heads for the kitchen to find out last night's hockey scores.

At the supper table CYNTHIA GORDON and CHARLOTTE MACLATCHY are shedding their good (?) influence on the little (?) VA's.

Lessons are studied for two hours in the evening and after that time books are forgotten for the rest of the day. CATHY MALABRE is deeply meditating over a cross-word puzzle. Does anyone know a 37-letter word meaning "shoe-lace?" The voice of SUSIE GRAHAM rings out from the back of the classroom. Susie is the first person ever to sing excerpts from "The Merchant of Venice" to a cha-

cha-cha. As KATHIE PLOW beats a pair of bongos in time to Susie's memory work, JULIE CLARKE, BARB SAVAGE and DERRY DAWES are all twisting.

Can't you find LIZ MACNAUGHTON? She's probably working in the Prep Hall.

As VI B prepares for bed they are all angels, except for ANDY NEWMAN who is throwing stuffed animals at her room-mate.

Finally the lights are turned off and all is quiet except for a single voice ringing out from the wing. Is someone trying to get a minus? No, it's just ANNE RITCHIE shouting in her sleep.

VI B has been a rewarding year for us all and we owe a great deal to our Form Mistress, Miss RAMSAY, who takes good care of "her VI B's!"

CHARLOTTE MACLATCHY, VI B.



THE RAINBOW

As I stood on the hill overlooking the lake, I could not help noticing how clean and fresh everything appeared after the storm that had just passed! Then something caught my eye; I averted my gaze, and what lay before me seemed a great phenomenon! There were two beautifully formed rainbows falling into the lake about two hundred feet apart from each other. It was a beautiful sight with all the seven colours fading into each other. The blues at the end were not very vivid, as they faded into the lovely cloudless sky! I could almost see the pots of gold shimmering under the cool, green, rippling water, waiting for someone to try to collect them. I could picture someone sliding down the rainbow to the pot of gold! All these sights together made an extreme contrast to the surroundings a few minutes before, with the lightning flashing across the sky, and the rain coming down in torrents. But all things, great and small, must come to an end. As the storm had done, so too the rainbow slowly disappeared into the beautiful blue western sky.

CHERYL McDERMID, VI B.



VI B PICTURE CREDITS

The Drummers.....	WENDY RANKIN
Hallowe'en.....	CHERYL McDERMID
Just Sitting!.....	KATHY PLOW
Just Walking!.....	KATHY PLOW
VI B's at Matric. Hat and Garden Party.....	BETTY JANE PUNNETT
The Athletes.....	SHEILA SALMOND

HE TRIED A CAFETERIA

As the classroom clock ticked away the last minutes of the morning, Tommy tried desperately to concentrate on his multiplication. It was no use — the sum was too hard and he was too hungry. He began to think of lunch. He hoped the school cafeteria was going to serve a good meal to-day, because yesterday there had been spinach and the day before, macaroni. He detested both, as any ordinary eight-year-old boy did.

The bell resounded through the building, and immediate laughter and shouting began as children piled into lines outside the lunchroom. The whiff of liver and sausages floated through the air. Tommy's nose began to wrinkle up as he neared the cafeteria. "How awful!" He moaned. Then, with a sudden inspiration, he slipped out of line and escaped from the aroma of liver by the back entrance of the school building.

He ran off around the corner and wandered down a busy street of stores. On one side of him was a Chinese restaurant, but he hated the look of the place, and for that matter, Chinese food. The next café was crowded and he thought himself too short to be able to push through the big fat business men who were moving around in the window. Finally he entered a cafeteria which was displaying pictures of ice-cream sundaes and chocolate cake in the window.

Inside was a food paradise to a little boy like Tommy. In glass cases along the far end were mouth-watering specimens of every dessert imaginable — cake iced with fudge frosting, butterscotch ice-cream, cherry pie, marshmallow sundaes with nuts on top, and chocolate-covered cream puffs. He rushed in, obtained a tray, and waited in line. In his pocket his two shiny quarters jingled. He felt very important and very proud of himself. He asked the lady behind the counter to pass down the desserts one after another. Finally, with his tray heavily laden, he lifted it from the railing. It was too heavy! With a thundering crash the dishes tumbled down. Ice cream and pie fell messily onto the floor.

Tommy stood there aghast and unable to move. He slowly stole a glance around him and found all the figures in the restaurant looking inquisitively at him. Finally a man with a stiff white apron tied around his middle came up to Tommy. After seeing the damage done, he asked the boy, as politely as he could, for the money to cover the meal. Tommy thrust a shaky hand into his trouser pocket and revealed his fifty cents. The man muttered something like "Just as I thought," and bent down to

take the insufficient two coins. Then in a stern voice he tried to explain to Tommy what he had done and what punishment he should get. Upon threatening to telephone the school principal or his mother, the waiter realized Tommy's fear. In the end, Tommy left the cafeteria quickly and quietly but with a relieved expression on his face.

Tommy hurried back to the school. Perhaps there would still be some sausages and liver left. "They're not really that bad," he thought. He ran through the school doors and sat down with his other friends, who were almost finished. Eating hungrily, he stared around. The gang was eyeing him as the people in the cafeteria had done, only this time he could smile. He would not tell them what had happened because they would not understand. He had been lucky, he decided, and now, in the safety of the familiar food and surroundings, he made up his mind that next time, however tempted he might be, he would not leave the school cafeteria to try a new one.

KATHRYN WICKSON, VI B.



THE SOLITARY ONE

The lake lay stilled in sleep. It seemed as if night had stopped all movement and halted all life until the dawning of the next day. A full moon cast a silvery reflection on the blue water below it. Pulled up on the sandy shore was an overturned canoe, near which some firewood had been piled. The woods around the lake were veiled in deep, dark mystery.

Suddenly a dark figure stepped from the depths of the forest and stood staring out over the smooth lake. The soft silver moon illuminated the figure of a tall, muscular young Indian. He was dressed in dusty brown buckskin and he was wearing even dustier moccasins. In one hand he carried a crudely-fashioned knife, and in the other he carried the body of a small rabbit. He laid down the carcass and expertly skinned it with his knife. Then with the knowledge of a born woodsman he piled the sticks into a form suitable for a fire, and he lit it by striking some flint on a rock. He cooked a piece of the rabbit over the orange flames and ate it with great relish. Having finished his meal, he settled down under his canoe and drifted off to sleep.

The fire slowly burnt down to a glow. Again there was peace. Everything rested as motionless as before. The lake lay stilled in sleep.

CHARLOTTE MACLATCHY, VI B.

A GHOST?

The shutters rattled against the house,
As I tiptoed past like a frightened mouse.
The moon half-hidden by a dark grey cloud
Cast a drawn silhouette of a man who bowed
In front of me
By an old elm tree.

I stopped and shivered in this place
As I noticed his blank, but withered old face.
It stared at me out of sheer nothingness
At my worn-out shoes and my ragged dress
Which I wore
And no more.

I told myself then it was just imagination
That nothing could be real in this strange sensation;
I pondered this question as I remembered my fright
Of that being
I was seeing.

He could well have been a ghost —
Things I dread and fear the most.
But one can never tell
Because the moon plays tricks so well
On a night
At its height.

NANCY MACDONALD, VI B.

**THE PRICE OF CARELESSNESS**

Gently I laid him on the bed;
The doctor frowning bent his head,
And said, "I'll try to do my best;
Why don't you go and take a rest?"

Only the quiet creaky floor
Told of the movement from next door
Where they strove to save the life
That had been injured by the knife.

In twenty-four hours I hurried back,
Still thinking of that dreadful crack
When he had fallen to the ground
Upon my knife, I later found.

I sat down calmly in the chair;
My hope had gone, 'twas now despair;
There was no need for me to stay,
My teddy-bear had passed away.

DEBORAH GILL, VI B.

MAN OVERBOARD!

Arriving at the ship which was to take me home, I was led to my second class state-room, which was on the lower deck with many others. It was a large room with good lighting as its two airy port-holes faced the open sea. On the left were two berths, one above the other and on the right was a bureau, writing case and arm chair.

I was unpacking when the social director came and welcomed me on board. He introduced me to my neighbour, who was slight in build. His appearance at first shocked me as he had large, sunken eyes, hollow cheeks, and a rather loose mouth with a goatee on the chin. His suit — which I was to be accustomed to seeing all through the journey — hung loosely on him.

He warmly acknowledged me, and cordially invited me to play ping-pong, to have a swim, and then to go to dinner with him. Having these pleasures set before me I accepted his offer, and told him I would be ready within the hour.

Our first afternoon went pleasantly, and that evening sitting in the main dining-room over a Bar-B-Q chicken he told me a little concerning himself.

He was a carpet-salesman on his way back to America to see his family once again. He was having problems concerning his job and all he earned he sent to his wife and son. (He told me he had saved just enough to pay his fare over).

Before dinner had ended, he excused himself politely and hurried out of the room. I was quite bewildered by this sudden action, and so, overcome by curiosity, I left to investigate. Once my eyes had got accustomed to the dim light, I saw a figure perched on the railing ready to spring into the black depths below. I uttered a cry, which startled him and he plunged into the darkness.

I yelled "Man Overboard," and peered over the edge. He was splashing and waving in an hysterical way, and I knew if anything was to save him, I was, so I jumped in too!

The water was icy cold, and my body soon became numb. I swam over to him and caught him by the hair. The little life-saving that I had had, had finally been put to use. I kept his head above the water and started to tread water. I kept this up for what seemed like hours, until suddenly I saw an on-coming rescue-boat.

"... and that is all I know about him and what happened," I told the rescue men.

ELIZABETH STIKEMAN, VI B.

A PRAYER FOR A HAPPY PLACE

On the shores of a lake
Far, far away,
Stands the place of my day-dreams,
Guard it, I pray.

Save it from bush-fires,
From hands with an axe,
From the ravages of time —
Old let it wax.

The animals that live
On that small virgin isle,
Give them long life
To end with a smile.

Keep it, I pray Thee,
Free from all strife,
That I may remember it
All the days of my life.

Without thinking of how
It was yester' year,
Before man came, unasked,
Giving it fear.

Look after it, hold,
'Till some distant time
When, blessed by Thy grace
It will again become Thine.

BRIDGET BLACKADER, VI B.

CHOMP - CHOMP

It was dark and damp
And covered with mist
Out there in the camp
With a gun in my fist.
Footsteps were heard —
Not those of a bird;
Voices were heard —
It wasn't absurd.
I started to shiver out there in the mist;
I gripped my gun and started to twist.
Then I saw what it was
All covered with fuzz;
The gun in my hand
Was lost in the sand;
I was grabbed by the seat;
He was looking for meat.
My heart skipped a beat
And he started to eat.

KATHERINE PLOW, VI B.

THE BEE

A lost dumbfounded lazy bee
Upon a tossing, crashing sea,
I fear he had gone out for honey
On which to make a little money,
When he, with duty quite forgot,
Set a-sail in his honey pot,
To see if honey there might be
Out in the loud, tumultuous sea.
On some remote and far-flung isle
He would make a sixpence pile,
But his great efforts came to naught,
And all I found was his honey-pot.

WENDY RANKIN, VI B.

THE RULED AND RULER

I come high upon the land,
rising,
rolling,
And sink into the sand.

I surge into the pier,
beating,
drumming,
Then turn back in fear.

To the stone I must submit,
spraying,
splashing,
For there I shatter and split.

I am made slave
to land,
stone and pier,
Because I am a wave.

Over one I victorious rule—
forcing,
pushing,
Never gentle, always cruel.

For I am master over man,
drown'ing,
murd'ring.
Let him stop me if he can.

CHARLOTTE MACLATCHY, VI B.

There was a young girl of King's Hall
Who, at the last dance had "a ball"
She watched mail for days,
And was truly amazed—
She didn't get any at all.

ANTONIA WRIGHT, VI B.

V A



V A PICTURE CREDITS

Choo Choo.....	Joy Balloch	Relaxing.....	SHIRLEY ALLAN
Before the Ball.....	ALEX MOORE	Bedtime.....	JILL STAINFORTH
V A Classroom.....	JILL STAINFORTH	A Winter Afternoon.....	SHIRLEY ALLAN

V A FORM REPORT

This year V A started with twenty-eight girls but after a few weeks Lee Ellson joined us to make the number twenty-nine. The Form Captains were Jill Stainforth, Susan Buchan, and Polly Wiesner. Susan McCain, Margaret Fox, and Lee Elson were the Sports Captains. The Red Cross representative was Vicki Stewart, and the Magazine representative was Joy Balloch. The V A's come from places far and near. From Ottawa we have Alex Moore, Catherine Lawson, and Margot Grant. From Toronto and the near vicinity come Mary Stratford, Hope Thomson and Pinkle Sturgeon. Our faithful Americans are Charlotte

Stinson and Polly Wiessner, both from Vermont. From Montreal there are Susan McCain, Susan Galt, Andrea Cowans, Victoria Stewart, Bonnie Rinfret, Joan McMaster, Catherine Campbell, Gail Russel, Wendy Leggat, and Margaret Fox. From the Southern latitudes come Elaine Oliver from Barbados, Susan Buchan from Jamaica, and Jill Stainforth and Joan Aitkin from Venezuela. Shirley Allan, Lee Elson, and the Bryant twins, Beverly and Diana, come from nearby districts. From the Lake St. John district come Jill Francis and Judy Stairs, while Joy Balloch is from Liverpool in Nova Scotia. You can see that there is a great variety of addresses on the V A home letters.

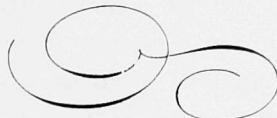
In the first term we did everything from catching frogs to playing soccer. Miss Menzies took us on a hike near Moe's River Road encountering mud, mud, and more mud plus a few French farmers — problems solved by Jill Francis. But we all had a great time and everyone was well exercised. For Hallowe'en we put on a little skit about our night visiting and all enjoyed the other Forms' skits. We also had a delicious Christmas party with Miss Evans and Miss Menzies.

In the second term we tried to ski and skate when the weather was appropriate, but ended up mostly on our seats. All the same we went on a very successful ski hike behind Windy and ate lunch that was cooked on a fire built in the snow. We put on two plays, "The Ugly Duckling" and "The Rose and the Cross" which brought us \$15.00 for the Red Cross. We also did a lot of swimming and many girls took part in the Swimming Meet.

Baseball started early in the third term when there was still snow on the ground and Spring had hardly come. Though some surprising snow interrupted our lovely sunny days, we played tennis and baseball nearly all term. We also had a Scavenger Hunt in the beginning of the term with a lot of scavenging done.

On the whole, we had a very wonderful year and would all like to thank Miss Menzies and Miss Evans for making it so. We are very sorry that Miss Menzies is leaving us this year.

THE V A's.



MY DREAM HOME

"Have you ever dreamed of living in a house of glass, or mostly glass?"

No, of course you haven't. They are not made to-day, but in a few years if technologists can blast rockets into orbit and men into space, I am sure they can build my future home.

First I will tell you where it is to be situated. Being a very keen skier and loving the outdoors, I think the most appropriate place would be Switzerland in the towering Swiss Alps near the capital city, Berne. This small snow-bound country in the heart of the mountains is a skier's paradise.

My house, or as the Swiss call it, chalet, will be built on top of a hill so every morning I can ski to work and not have to worry about driving the car up and down the icy roads. Then on my way home after a long day's work, instead of climbing up the hill I shall install a J-bar to the front door. The front door will not have a doorbell as most homes have, but a big cow bell to warn me of visitors.

Perhaps you are thinking the house will always be cold and never above twenty degrees, but I have also thought of this and have solved the problem. The glass will be made of a special windproof material so that I will always be as snug as a bug.

The entire house is to be very modern and designed for the laziest of home owners, me, for instance. The kitchen will be completely "fold-away" and this will be the same throughout the house. To prepare dinner all I shall do will be to push a network of buttons and in a minute all will be ready. One button and the table unfolds from the wall; another, it is set; and finally my dinner is cooked and placed in front of me. After dinner two more buttons will wash the dishes clean and put them away without any work on my part.

The living-room will seem like the top of the world. Through the large picture window I shall be able to see Berne, Neuchatel, various ski resorts and many crystal-clear lakes reflecting all the beauties of the snow. It almost makes me dizzy just thinking of the view.

The room will look terribly bare until you again push a button, when it will become alive with chairs, tables, and the other essentials of a living-room.

Finally when the eyelids become heavy and I make my way to my room I shall jump into bed — "oops" I almost forgot — with the push of a button — and shall fall fast asleep. This dream may never come true, but if it does I hope you will come and visit me and help me push some buttons.

ANDREA COWANS, V A.

IN WHICH POOH FINDS HIMSELF IN A DUSTBIN AND HAS AN ADVENTURE

It was a cold and starry night. He opened the lid of the dustbin and looked out. "Had it gone?" he wondered. But then he heard "bump, bump, bump" and hastily closed the lid again. Oh how Pooh wished Piglet were with him! "At least," he said, "we might be together in this dark, smelly place."

Suddenly a voice said, "A ha!" in a very aha-ish way.

"Oh dear, the heffalump," Pooh thought.

Recalling his plans of before, he gathered up his courage and lifted the lid. Again Pooh saw no one, so this time he climbed out and circled the bin twice to make doubly sure nobody was there waiting to jump out at him. Now, being a bear of very little brain, Pooh forgot his brave plans of returning home and sat down to "rethink" them. Thump! Before long he heard the swish of a leaf and leaving his plans to rethink themselves, he got up and bumped right into Piglet.

"Ooh!" squeaked Piglet. "What is it?"

"It's only me," Pooh replied. Can't you tell when you bump into a Pooh-bear?"

"Oh," said Piglet, relieved, "I'm glad it's only you. I have been hearing some awfully queer noises."

"That's funny," remarked Pooh, "because I have, too. Let's organize ourselves and search for it, just as for Small."

Piglet agreed, and though a little bewildered, set off. "If it is a heffalump, you will know what to say, won't you, Piglet?"

"Well, I . . . , yes," said Piglet.

"But suppose it isn't a heffalump, then what would you do?"

Pooh said nothing, but thought to himself that he would just hum a merry tune and say nothing.

Suddenly Piglet said in a wee, small voice, "Pooh, I hear something."

"Oh?" remarked Pooh casually.

"Yes," said Piglet.

"Oh?" Pooh said again.

"Yes," Piglet repeated in a louder voice.

Pooh was just about to say "Oh" for a third time when he decided he had better not, and Piglet again suggested, "I think it is IT." Pooh, feeling very brave, decided to catch IT, and set off. Soon, however, the night being dark, Pooh lost his braveness and called Piglet to help him.

"Now Piglet, you go that way and I will go this way so we must find him somehow."

The search began but did not last very long.

"Piglet," cried Pooh in a very excited Pooh-bear way, "I think I have IT, so come quickly!"

Piglet, being of small size was rather frightened, but came to the spot where Pooh was sitting triumphantly on his prize.

"Hurrah," squeaked Piglet. Then suddenly serious, he said in a horrified tone, "but Pooh, that looks like . . . It is Eeyore? Oh Pooh, poor Eeyore."

They helped poor Eeyore to his feet, looking rather shaken and bumped.

"It's quite all right," grunted Eeyore, "as long as everyone enjoys chasing me around a dust-bin at this time of night. I don't suppose it matters whether or not Eeyore gets his nightly walk in peace."

"But Eeyore," apologized Pooh, "we really are sorry. How about coming back to my house and having a little something?" he added cheerfully.

JOY BALLOCH, V A.

MISFORTUNE

I was an orphan! My dulled senses found it difficult to comprehend that only twenty-four hours before a British Hurricane flying low over the well-to-do section of Berlin had, like the shadow of death, managed to destroy my home, family and everything I had known and loved. No wonder then that the desolate block of smouldering remains now stretched before me brought me a sinister, almost morbid realization of a bitter truth.

I stumbled forlornly over the scattered ruins feeling very small and alone in my broken world. For the last few hours I had been searching desperately for Meine Kleine Mädchen, a wonderful fluffy Persian tabby, who had been my lifetime pet and companion. Now I crumpled into a dejected heap sobbing. Then as if by a miracle, I heard a faint meow, and glancing up I saw through tear-blurred eyes Mädchen climbing up the remaining section of a wall at the top of which stood an uncertain-looking segment of banister. I pulled myself to my feet and with faltering tread stumbled blindly towards Mädchen upon her pedestal. Exhausted, I threw myself down at her feet as it were, and was rewarded by a thud of tiny paws near my ear and by the affectionate scraping of a rough tongue on my cheek. The rich gutteral purring which ensued seemed to blot out my present misfortunes and I was aware of joyous tears trickling down my face.

MARY STRATFORD, V A.

FROM FALL TO WINTER

Winter, from summer, fall and spring,
Birds feel the cold, take wing, take wing;
Attics are opened, clothes taken down,
White layers of frost on the grass we found.

Leaves turning brown from greens and reds,
Falling on grass and on flower beds,
Rosy cheeks and wind-blown hair,
Once in a while a snowflake rare.

The first snowfall, all out to look,
Frozen lakes and a frozen brook!
The sun comes out and all melts away,
All is the same as the month of May.

The next fall comes and it is to stay:
Children go out and with snow they play;
Everyone's happy for Christmas is near.
This is a beautiful time of year.

MARGOT GRANT, V.A.

A CHILD'S PLAYMATE

In almost every part of the world children play with dolls. These may be made of anything from cookie dough and candy to cloth and rubber. They may be made in factories and bought in shops, or they may be made at home and cost nothing. It does not matter what they look like or how much money is paid for them. Dolls are loved the world around.

The doll is a favourite playmate of most little girls. All the secrets of its owner are poured into its ears. Girls can play grown-up to their heart's content with the cuddly child dolls of to-day. Sewing for their dolls, keeping them neat and clean, singing to them, and rocking them to sleep is part of the fun of playing mother.

Dolls are the playthings of rich and poor alike. They comfort the sick and amuse the well. They are the hobby of young and old. Even boys may like dolls that look like clowns, policemen or Indians. Costume dolls from foreign lands show how other people dress. From old dolls, we can find out how other people long ago lived, and what they wore.

No one is sure who made the first doll. Perhaps somebody found a stone or root or a piece of wood that looked like a human being. The first dolls were believed to bring good luck to their owners. No child was allowed to touch the dolls, because they were thought to have magic powers.

Paddle dolls are perhaps the oldest dolls. They were made by Egyptians nearly three thousand years ago, and may be seen to-day in the British Museum in London. These are called paddle dolls because they are made from thin pieces of board carved in the shape of canoe paddles. Lines were carved and painted on them to look like clothes, and hair was made of beads. The figures were without legs so they could not run away.

Dolls have certainly changed. To-day our dolls look more like human beings than did those of long ago. But I think you will agree with me that to children the world over their meaning still remains the same.

DIANA BRYANT, V.A.



A MOUSE HOUSE

One day Mrs. Mouse, while sitting in the toe of an old shoe (which was her home) with the rain occasionally dripping through the hole in the toe, was thinking if only I were a rich person's mouse I'd have a dry house, perhaps one between two walls where there was a large ledge stretching across from one wall to the other behind a Grand-father clock which could be used for steps. The walls there would be slabs of wood chewed to fit perfectly, and covered with wrapping paper to serve as wallpaper. There would be nine rooms: a dining-room, two bedrooms, a kitchen, a living room, a laundry room, a guest room, and a bathroom. The entrance would be behind the clock; the door, made of heavy carpet, would be fastened with a big safety pin. The floors would be covered with beautiful carpets made from bits chewed off people's clothes and the better ones from fur coats. There would be little pin cushions for chairs, and boxes covered with handkerchiefs for tables. We would drink from silver thimbles, and eat from quarters and dimes with two straight pins. The bathtub would be made of an ashtray fed by pricking a hole in a near-by pipe and connecting it to the tub by a straw. The sink could be a bottle top, and best of all my bed would be inside a box, with a bit of chewed off quilt for the mattress, and a nice soft angora mitten for my sheets and blankets. I can just imagine drifting to sleep in the soft comfortable . . ."

Just then a big drop of water dripped into the hole in the old shoe's toe, fell on her head and awoke the dreamer.

POLLY WIESSNER, V.A.

THE POWER OF IMAGINATION

As I waited for Mr. Macleod to answer his phone call in the back of the little shop, I had the strangest feeling that I was being watched from behind. I don't know what gave me that feeling; I just had it.

I swung around and came face to face with a newspaper with smoke curling up from behind it, making little patterns that melted away and turned into some other grotesque creature. Feeling a bit weak I went to sit down. I twiddled at my ring for a while and then slowly and quietly stole a glance at the newspaper, but to my astonishment it had been laid aside and whatever was behind it was standing with his arms folded and staring at me. I froze to the chair and my heart was beating so fast that I thought the other occupant of the room could hear it. I must say, though, whenever I am petrified I never show it, and although the gaze was like hard steel I could meet it. We stared at each other for about two minutes; then my eyes wandered to the hair; it was steel grey, like the gaze; I looked at the face; it was wrinkled and wizened and a pair of beady black eyes stared out from beneath bushy grey eyebrows. The nose was bent down so much that it nearly touched the upturned chin, and the mouth was a straight line as if it had been drawn by a ruler; sticking out of it was a gnarled old piece of wood that served as a pipe. The neck was wrinkled and deeply tanned like the face. Half covering it was the collar of an old faded shirt that had once had bright frangipani flowers on it. My eyes then wandered to the trousers; they were cheap khaki ones with bright red patches on each knee. I couldn't really see the shoes for the trousers were so long that they touched the floor. He was a funny looking spectacle altogether.

Suddenly he took a step towards me and stretched out a long, graceful arm as if to touch me. I rose from the chair and backed against the bookshelf; my eyes were wide and terrified, and now I remembered Rick's words, "He hates women; you know, it's said he killed his wife and went mad."

My terror ceased abruptly and Mr. Macleod's voice boomed, "All right missy, that phone call's over; my wife, you know, always bothering and fussing about everything; sorry I was so long."

At this moment the other slowly walked out of the room. I didn't move; I stood there as if in a daze.

"Missy, ahem, missy, if you come back in a few days—. Are you sure you're feeling all right? You look a bit pale."

I assured him that I was, smiled slowly and walked out of the room.

It was night now, and the one lonely street light shone faintly into the gloom. My footsteps sounded like a whole regiment in the still air.

"I must have been in there for a long time," I thought, "there isn't a soul on the street except me and that man. And that man?"

I was meditating like this; then I think the worst fright of my life came; a hand grabbed my arm. I closed my eyes and stood stock still, waiting for the end, but no end came. Instead the grasp loosened; I looked up and saw the old man standing beside me and his voice said, "I was just wondering if you could donate some money to the Charity Club?"

ELAINE OLIVER, V A.



THE CRICKETS

There was a little cricket,
And he lived by a bog,
Chirping in the day time
And sleeping on a log.

He had but one companion,
Who with him liked to play.
And by the rustling beech tree
They met at break of day.

They hopped along the pathway,
At the end of which was found
A wide and grassy meadow —
The crickets' best playground.

Each day they jumped and frolicked
And had a bite to eat,
And if they tired they'd chirrup,
Or stroll along the peat.

But their play was interrupted
By a man who came to spray,
And the crickets' instinct told them
That they could not, must not, stay.

So now that pair of crickets
Just play around the bog,
And sing on in the day time,
And both sleep on the log!

JOY BALLOCH, V A.

AN INTRUSION

The old composer sat alone in the dimmed theatre, slumped in his chair with an old dog faithfully at his side. The dog seemed to sense me there, but didn't want to disturb his master from his thoughts. The man had taken off his jacket and by his rumpled shirt and appearance I could tell he was thinking his hardest. He sat there with his head in his hands, and as I watched him, a feeling of pity came over me. He looked so alone, sitting there away from this world. I didn't arouse him, but he suddenly looked up and a beam of light shone through the window onto his face.

He looked so peaceful that I couldn't stay any longer. The dog whined softly when I left them and I almost felt ashamed of having come into his world, where I did not belong.

SHIRLEY ALLAN, V A.

SAT ON BY AN ELEPHANT

I am a wasp, Dearly Beloved, a smallish, yellowish, buzzish, stingish wasp; I live in the deep, dark, dense part of the jungle of South America, and I know, Dearly Beloved, that you always wonder why an elephant is so big and bulky and broad and bold; this is a very short startling story, but a true one.

In my youth when I was a smaller, stingier, yellower, buzzier wasp, I used to walk along the forest floor looking for insects to eat. As I walked, I used to hum: "Diddley, paddley, pom, pommley, pommly pid," and this is how I would spend my day.

One morning, a very bright morning, I thought, I decided to go deeper into the forest to see if I could find someone to talk to. I walked and walked. Then all of a sudden I was in complete darkness! "What is wrong?" I couldn't imagine and kept on walking. "Maybe if I stop and yell someone will tell me what is going on!"

I looked up. "No! It can't be the sky falling; surely it isn't night! What is it?"

I heard a loud CRUNCH! I was under something which was coming down and I had better move fast!

"Help! Help!" I yelled; it did no good and the "Black" kept coming down. It was nearly on me! . . . then . . . it really was on me!! Ouch! What do you think you're doing? Get off me! Ouch! you're hurting me." I must turn over and sting this thing! If it won't get off me nicely, I'll just have to use force. I squirmed and pushed, pulled and heaved. Finally I got my stinger up. "One, two . . . three . . . Now if that doesn't help, nothing wi. . ."

"Trrrhahrrr Trrrahahrrr!"

Suddenly, the big black object moved.

"Thank you kind sir, for moving," I said. "Of course it wasn't very nice of you to sit on me in the first place. Where did you get your manners? Who do you think you are?"

"Well, you shouldn't have been underneath! I don't know what business it is of yours where I got my manners, and now, please would you get out of my way, because I'm going to sit down."

"Well, you go right ahead, I'll only bite you again, and I'm glad I bit you before and I hope you swell up. What is your name, so I can tell my friends about you?"

"I am known as Elephant. Mr. Elephant, to you."

"Well, I'm wasp, and don't you forget it."

"What can a sting from a small thing like you do to anyone as important as me!"

I did not answer but I noticed Elephant's legs beginning to swell and as I went on my way I noticed his body swelling too, so now, Dearly Beloved, whenever you see an elephant always think of the reason for his size. All this was caused by one of my greatest ancestors, Wasp."

SUSAN BUCHAN, V A.

DAY DREAMING

Purr! What a sunny day this is! A little exercise wouldn't hurt me, so I guess I'll go over the field. There go the people in the "roar." They won't be back for a while. Now's my chance. Oh, where's that hole in the bushes? Here it is. I'm off. Oh, will I ever get there? I'm almost there. Purr. Here it is. The grass is so tall and dry, hides me like anything. I'll just wait outside of this hole until a mouse appears. Dum-dum-a-dee-dem-za-dum. Here he is! I'll just sneak up behind him and . . . got him! He is really small, no use to me, so I might as well throw him away. Look at that little thing go. Now, for some big game. Birds! They are always hopping around near the brook. They're so dumb! Haven't spotted me yet. Easy does it. Ready, target . . . what's that noise? Sounds as if something is running towards me. Oh, no, it couldn't be! It's a giant-sized mouse coming towards me. I'm cornered! Oh, I wish I'd never left home. Closer and closer he's coming. Here he comes. . .

Wack!

"Mummy, mummy! I found the ewat near my sandpile and I swanked him. Bad cat!"

I looked up. No mouse, just that kid. Oh, does my head hurt. Purr!

BONNIE RINFRET, V A.

GHOST HOUSE

The wind will howl, the shutters will bang, the whole house will creak and moan. Outside, the thunder will crack and the lightning will flash — a perfect night for the ghosts and spirits of my ancestors to roam about. Who knows? Maybe one is lurking behind the door right now.

As I sit curled up in my high-backed chair by the fire I picture my dream house as one that these spirits would love. Every room will be furnished in old Elizabethan style. There will be spooky fireplaces sending weird shadows all across the room, and the sun or moon will come streaming in through the tall narrow windows and dance on the face of my great-grandfather hanging above the fireplace.

In the garret will be trunks of exciting treasures, centuries old, just waiting to be discovered. There will be secret tunnels from the root cellar onto the moors for quick escaping some starless night. Down the long winding staircase will be thick oriental carpets, while tapestries will hang on the walls.

My house will have all the modern conveniences, but still it will look very old-fashioned and mysterious. Even black cats will shudder as they go by. Won't you come to visit me sometime? I'm sure the spirits wouldn't want to harm you. After all, they only come out at night.

SHIRLEY ALLAN, V A.

OLIM ERAT

or How the Chameleon got his Skin

Once upon a time life was sweet. There were no plagues to worry a gentle milky lily-white chameleon. But then Eve ate the apple and the chameleon's wonderful world was turned topsy-turvy. Suddenly for the first time in his life the gentle, milky, lily-white chameleon was shiveringly cold. Everything visible became an awfulish-greenish-bluish. What an awful experience! He would never forget it.

Then suddenly for the first time in his life the gentle, milky, lily-white chameleon felt feverishly hot. Everything visible became an awfulish-reddish-orangish. What an awful experience! He would never forget it.

The gentle, milky, lily-white chameleon lost his beautiful lily-white complexion because, of course, he was full cousin to the sly sneaky serpent who tempted Eve to eat the apple.

Now the chameleon, after these awful experiences, whenever he felt his feeble, frettish, fickle feet upon an awfulish-greenish-bluish surface was

reminded of the strange cold he had once endured, and he turned that dreadful hue just thinking about it.

And when he felt his feeble, frettish, fickle feet upon an awful brownish-reddish-orangish surface, he was reminded of the terrible heat he had once endured, and he turned that dreadful hue just thinking about it.

Whenever he felt his feeble, frettish, fickle feet upon a milky, lily-white surface, he became very upset, for he remembered the wonderful world before his full cousin, the sly sneaky serpent, bade Eve to eat the apple, and he turned a ghastly, sickly-yellowish-greenish hue just thinking about it.

So ends the solemn story of how the milky, lily-white chameleon got his ever-changing skin.

MARY STRATFORD, V A.



TAWNY

The Bryant family have a very beautiful and very odd pussy-cat whose name happens to be Tawny Ayer's Cliff Bryant because of his colour and the place we got him from. In many ways he is an ordinary cat. He has a lovely, tawny coat, three inch long angora hair, four legs (one at each corner), a long, bushy tail, two pointed ears, a sniffing nose, sharp, white, jagged teeth, and ocean-green eyes that flash in the dark. In spite of the fact that Tawny is normal in appearance, his actions are odd. He does the things that most cats usually do, like eating, chasing birds, catching mice and moles, catching flies and spiders and hating dogs, but his main odd characteristic is that he likes to use his sleeping hours to behave like a human being. He loves nothing better than to waltz through our bedroom window at three or four o'clock in the morning — dripping wet with snow, rain or dew from the grass — and completely take over one of our beds. He insists on sleeping on his back like most human beings. He loves to have the covers tucked snuggly around him and he absolutely will not sleep without a pillow under his head. More than once I have turned over my bed to Tawny, who leaves his long hair behind him on it. After all, when a cat needs a pillow and covers, there is nothing else to do but vacate one's warm, cozy bed and move into the cold space beside one's sister.

BEVERLY BRYANT, V A.

A KIND CHARACTER

He was an ordinary artist; sitting there quietly, lost in a world of his own, he recreated the scene of the calm lake rippling in the sunlight with the cloudless blue sky and the rolling hills in the background. Dressed as he was, in an informal pair of blue jeans and a coloured shirt, he sat on a low, three-legged stool in front of a large easel, with the brush in one steady hand and the palette in the other. Nearing him, I saw the strong, stubborn features and the determined look on his implacable face. He must have been a calm and responsible doctor in working hours. Also, I observed how carefully and precisely his steady hand held and used the paint brush. Now and then he would pause and smile secretly to himself, as if he were content with the beauty and kindness of Mother Nature and even the world in general. Without looking back I passed on and I could sense, even though I did not know him, that although wise, stubborn and determined, he was a very kind and gentle person.

JUDY STAIRS, V A.

SNOW

Snow is white; snow is as clean
As our sight has ever seen.

The snow is white and full of fluff,
Very light like a powder puff.

I'm happy when it snows at night;
The roads are closed, the school shut tight.

The snow is like the big round flakes
Of cocoanut on chocolate cakes.

I like the snow; I really do;
But how strange 'twould be if snow were blue!

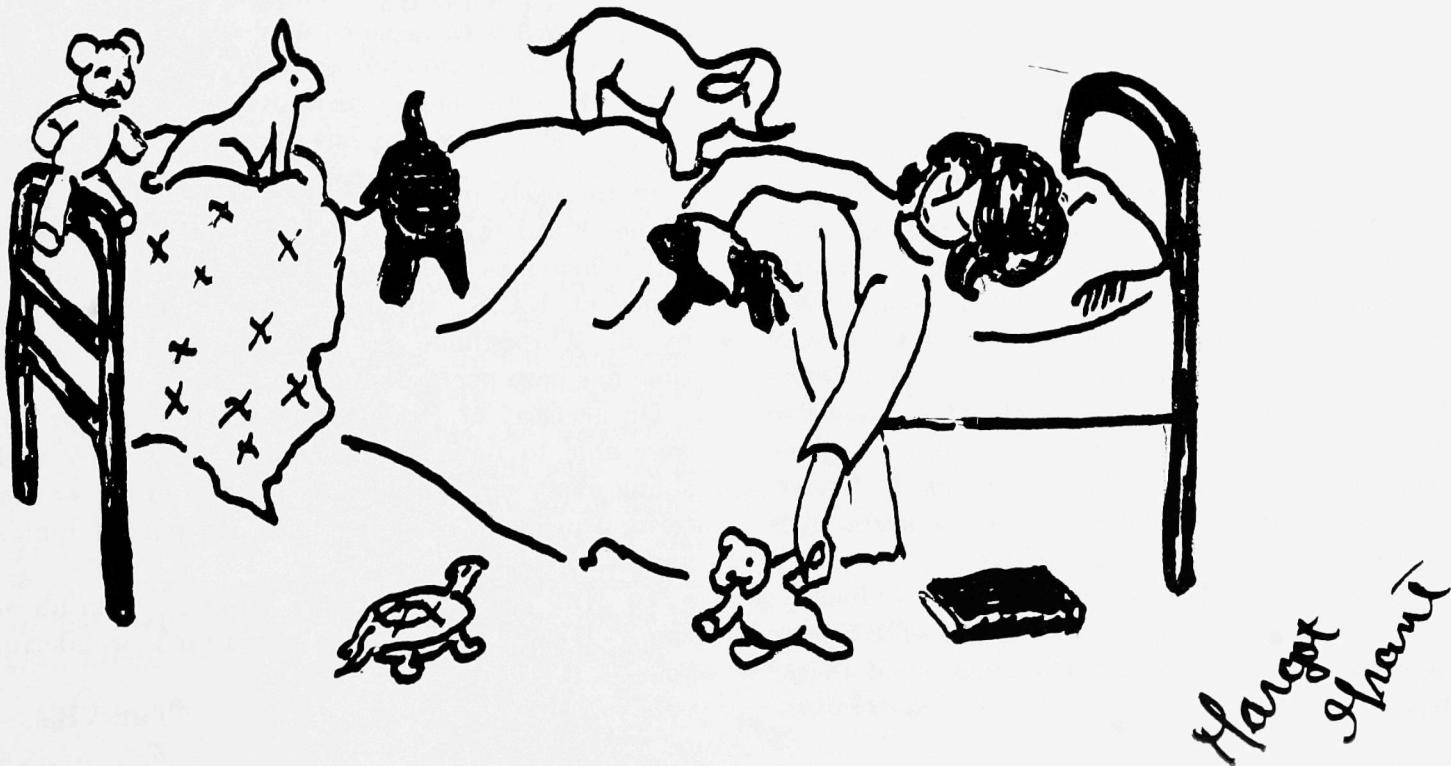
BEVERLY BRYANT, V A.

THE DEN

The room was so friendly, so warm looking and cool. It was at the top of the house, shaded by the chestnut tree. There was a small couch just near the door, with cushions to match the curtains that hung comfortably from the windows, where my eyes caught sight of a little pot of geraniums. The old oak desk, on which were some papers and a bottle of ink, stood in the corner. Books were on the shelf just overhead, each one in its place, with pages neither tattered nor torn. An easy chair sat by the window, where one could relax as I did. The sight that met my eyes there was breathtaking, of the hills and the lake just outside.

SUSAN BUCHAN, V A.

A TYPICAL COMPTON BED AT NIGHT



The Juniors



JUNIOR'S PICTURE CREDITS

V B's at Work.....	PAM MORGAN
The Cottage.....	DI GALE
Watching T.V.....	PAM MORGAN
Winter.....	ALISON DONALD
Snow Sculpture?.....	ALISON DONALD

V B FORM REPORT

This year there were seventeen girls in V B, namely: Suzie Aboud, Wendy Card, Margaret Chapman, Cathlyn Cook, Norah Doheny, Vicki Druce, Mary Glen, Stephanie Hutchins, Kathy Mackay, Patricia Morgan, Virginia Parke, Sheila Reid, Victoria Rorke, Tassy Smith, Madeleine Thomas, Robyn Wise, and Patricia Wolff. Mary Glen was a late comer and joined us at Easter. On account of the large class, five of these girls had to live over at the main school.

The Form Captains were Kathy Mackay, Patricia Wolff and Stephanie Hutchins. The Sports Captains were Margaret Chapman and Vicki Druce.

In the early part of the first term we had a lot of soccer and swimming. Later we did a Hallowe'en skit, Christmas and French plays, and attended a dance at B.C.S., which was very much enjoyed by all. Throughout the year much of our spare time has been spent doing Red Cross work.

On account of the steady cold this winter we were able to have skating almost every day and skiing every day during the last half of the winter term. During the summer term we played tennis and basketball.

To Mrs. Elliott, our Form Mistress, from all of the V B's, "Thank you so much for a wonderful year."

THE VB'S.

BRINDISI

On the coast of Italy, touching the pearly Adriatic and near the Strait of Otranto, lies Brindisi. A quiet little town is Brindisi and very quaint, typical of most small Italian towns.

In reality Brindisi is in the twentieth century, but it seems as though you are walking in a town of the nineteenth century. The women wear long black dresses with white aprons, while the men wear knit fishermen's sweaters and breeches.

Situated in the cobblestoned square lies the old village well; it is here that the women draw water and talk over the local gossip. The houses are built around this well. They have whitewashed walls, and bead curtains serve as doors. The men sit in groups all over the square mending their nets, preparing for a season of fruitful fishing. The children are running to the convent around the corner, book straps over their arms, playing chase all the way and never seeming to get tired.

If you turn two corners you come to the park. This is where the women sit in the afternoon, knitting. The park is nothing special, just made up of a patch of grass and carefully-looked-after flowers. The balloon man and the ice-cream vendor come every afternoon because that is where the children play. The world may come to Brindisi and leave Brindisi, but Brindisi will stay as it is.

MADELEINE THOMAS, V B.

THE GAS SEEPS

Have you ever seen fire come out of water? It does not sound possible, but it is. At certain places in Venezuela, the land being so rich in gas and oil, this takes place. The gas rises out of the earth and water, and makes a steady flame not quite a foot high. This happens at the gas seeps.

The site of the gas seeps is just a small clearing surrounded by trees, with a stream nearby, and is used as an ordinary picnic spot. Families come to see this interesting natural wonder and bring along a picnic lunch so the children can roast hot dogs over the water. The gas seeps are not dangerous, but some little fellow, if not careful, may sit down on the wrong spot and have his pants scorched! For here and there are little mounds with crusty tops, which, when kicked, start up a small flame. At night the gas seeps are very beautiful and pictures taken provide rare and interesting shots. In the deep darkness the steady flame shows up with bright shades of blue, purple, or pale gold.

KATHY MACKAY, V B.

A MOONLIT NIGHT

In a valley there lies on a moonlit night,
A memorable scene covered with white.
A lone cottage stands in this valley so small,
Snuggled cozily in the midst of the pine trees tall.
A light from the cottage stands out like a star
That twinkles so merrily from the heavens afar.
And one is confused as he stands and gazes
At the animal's tracks forming so many mazes.
On the trees are descending a few flakes of snow,
Giving them gowns that sparkle and glow.
Crossing the valley is a family of deer
Peering at the trees with worry and fear.
Off goes the light in the cottage so still,
And the snow stops descending on the trees and
the hill.
The moon from behind closing clouds doth peep,
And sees his valley in a deep, silent sleep.

SHEILA REID, V B.

THE EXAMINATION

Greg knew he would never pass the examination. He wasn't clever; he had never been good in "Greek Civilization." Yet he was better in that than in other subjects, wasn't he? He was supposed to be. It was impossible to pass, not even any use to think of passing. His brother, he reflected ruefully, had always passed examinations with flying colours. Father had always expected he would. But he, Greg, was a misfit in the family, he wasn't good at anything. Although nineteen, he was still a baby in his parent's eyes.

A friendly punch woke him out of his thoughts. "Hey chum, get moving. We want the library for the debating society."

Greg picked up his books and walked out of the library and as he closed the door the low hum of voices began. He walked down the long corridor. It made such a lot of noise that he always thought a professor would pop his head out the door, but they never did. If he went outside it would clear his head, so he took a little side door and stepped out into the fresh, exhilarating air. What a beautiful day it was! The birds were singing, the trees were blowing gently in the breeze. Everything was beautiful and it almost made Greg feel good, but then he remembered the exam. So much depended on that exam. If he passed, life would go on, but if he didn't, well he didn't like to think of the consequences. All he knew was that the world would end for him. He looked at his watch; time was getting short. Soon he would be in the stuffy examination hall.

"You've got no guts," he thought dismally. "A little examination, what's that?" But it wasn't a little examination; it counted more than anything else. Walking around the University used up time. Waiting was the worst thing. "Keep walking," he thought. "Keep walking, keep your mind off the exam."

He did walk briskly, a tall stooped figure against the red brick walls of the university. As he passed an entrance door he met Will Thurb who asked cheerily if he was going over to the examination hall. Greg looked at his watch and nodded assent. The two walked over the grounds.

Although Greg felt the unpleasant sensation of butterflies in his stomach when he entered the hall he did notice that it was not stuffy and that his favourite professor was on. As soon as he looked at his paper the butterflies went and he got down to work.

"And" said Professor Ridley, "Gregory Race came second out of four hundred, with honours; very well done, my boy," and he clapped Greg on the back. Greg walked back to his seat in a daze and the sea around him gave him thunderous applause.

MADELEINE THOMAS, V.B.



THE COTTAGE

Are you familiar with the girls that make up our twenty-one,
Who live over at the Cottage where our work and play are done?
Well, from Cobourg, Wendy and Vicki, they both live there;
In the beginning of term, they were an inseparable pair!
And Tina, who just moved to the U.S.A.
And Mary, who for a long time lived down that way, (But now lives in Toronto where she hopes she'll stay.)
Then Cookie, who comes from Washington, D.C.; She's a proud American, that you can see.
And there's Heather and Pat; from British Guiana they come.
We have all nationalities, but that's even more fun.

And Susie and Kathy, who in Spanish chitter, chatter;
They get pretty excited, though no one knows what's the matter.
And Drucie, who travels and has quite a whirl!
Why, she's been to places all over the world!
And Alison and Margo, who you must know
Their usual cheer is for Ontario!
And then the twins, Jinny and Jan,
Whom we always mixed up, when the year began.
Then we have our Montreal brood:
There's Robyn, and Cinny, and Suzie Aboud,
And Vicki, and Tassy, and Jackie, too,
And Sheila, and Tish, (we've got quite a few!)
But we've left out four others, that is true;
They live at the big School, but belong to us too.
There's Deanie, who at skiing is really quite good,
And Pam, whose main object in life is food.
Steffie's the lucky one, goes home almost every week,
And Maddy is so imaginative and has an accent quite unique.

Now Mrs. Staples and Mrs. Tousaw, to whom the tribute mainly goes,
With their helper Dorothy, they keep us on our toes.
Our matrons make sure that everything we do is right;
They look for perfect table manners, day, noon, and night.
"Do sit up, girls! Don't slump over so!"
"Do not lick your fingers; that you must know."
"Pass the food first to the head without even waiting,
"Don't take any yourself; that's very irritating!"
(They want us young ladies; that's what they're creating.)

We're patrolled in the night; we mustn't utter one peep,
But it's hard to understand why they want us to sleep.
Why, night is the time for ghost stories and such,
And whispers, and giggles, but that isn't much.
But when, "Be quiet" is heard, we all withdraw;
We know whatever matrons say, their word is law.

So now you've heard from a Junior what our life is like,
Though we might complain, there isn't much to dislike.
We'll never be angels, that cannot be done,
But our life at the Cottage is really quite fun!

KATHERINE MACKAY, V.B.

IV A FORM REPORT

This year IV A consisted of ten girls — Susie Caridi, Mary Conduit, Tina Cross, Alison Donald, Heather Kirkby, Pat Malabre, Jan Parke, Pauline Roberts, Cynthia Sharp, and Jackie Worden.

Our three Form Captains have been Cynthia Sharp, Alison Donald, and Susie Caridi. Our Sports Captains have been Jackie Worden, Jan Parke, and Pat Malabre. Our magazine representative was Pat Malabre.

In the first term we played soccer. We put on a Hallowe'en skit with the rest of the school. At Christmas, with the help of Madame Landes, we put on some French plays, and under Miss Hewson's direction, "A Christmas Carol." In the second term we skied and skated. We had a Red Cross cake raffle and made \$52.00. In the third term we played tennis and baseball.

Thanks to Miss Macdonald we had a most enjoyable year. Thank you, Miss Macdonald.

MONKEYS IN THE JUNGLE

One day we were sailing in our boat down the Essequibo River, near the Kaieteir Falls in British Guiana. I was admiring the jungle and the deep blue water when something came on the branch above us. Then I saw a mother monkey with her baby, and later a lot of monkeys came into the open. They were chattering to themselves and jumping from branch to branch. Some came and began drinking the water slowly. Some of the monkeys were following each other while the baby monkeys were holding their mothers' tails. The old ones were talking to the little monkeys. All the monkeys were brown with bits of white here and there, and all of them had long tails which they used for swinging on the branches. We were pleased that our trip was so interesting.

HEATHER KIRKBY, IV A.

THE EASTER PARADE IN NEW YORK

On Easter Sunday you put on your new Easter bonnet and go to church. When you come out you see hats of all descriptions, some high, some low, some square and round, and some even upside down, at least they look that way. There is everything you can possibly imagine. If a woman has a pink hat she has her dog dyed pink to match the hat.

It isn't like a parade with people on sides of the streets and floats in the middle and policemen holding the crowds back. No, it's everyone walking all over the streets not in any special order, just everywhere.

CYNTHIA SHARP, IV A.



Staff Directory

Miss Gillard, King's Hall, Compton, P.Q.

Miss A. Beaton, 110 Stanley Road, Saint John, N.B.

Mlle. O. Cailteux, King's Hall, Compton, P.Q.

Mrs. G. W. Elliott, Box 51, Sawyerville, P.Q.

Miss G. Evans, R.R. 1, Cookshire, P.Q.

Mlle. C. Gauthier, North Hatley, P.Q.

Miss D. Hewson, Box 207, Lennoxville, P.Q.

Miss V. Keith, Havelock, N.B.

Miss H. Jenkins, "Littlewood," Keppoch, P.E.I.

Miss G. Keyzer, 71 Thomas Road, Swampscott, Mass., U.S.A.

Mme. S. Landes, King's Hall, Compton, P.Q.

Miss A. Macdonald, Port Hastings, N.S.

Miss J. Macdonald, 17 Dreghorn Loan, Colinton, Edinburgh 13, Scotland

Miss F. MacLennan, 1133 Dalhousie Street, Halifax, N.S.

Miss J. Menzies, 10 Sandringham Court, Ipswich Road, Norwich, Norfolk, England

Miss M. Morris, 5 Gibson Avenue, Grimsby, Ont.

Miss J. Ramsay, 329 George Street, Fredericton, N.B.

Miss H. Reid, Pinkie House, Loretto School, Musselburgh, Midlothian, Scotland

Miss J. Robinson, 296 Myton Road, Warwick, England

Miss M. J. Rutherford, 34 Church Street, Calais,

Maine, U.S.A.

Mrs. P. Staples, 150 Wellsley Avenue, Montreal West, P.Q.

Mrs. V. Tousaw, 37 Church Street, Lennoxville, P.Q.

Miss D. Wallace, Box 41, Warden, P.Q.

Mrs. E. Yarrill, Bishop's University, Lennoxville, P.Q.

K. H. C. O. G. A.

An evening with Miss Louise Parker, one of K.H.C.'s oldest graduates, brought out some interesting facts about the school's history. Miss Parker's father was Rector at Compton around the turn of the century. The present Junior Cottage was then the Rectory and Miss Parker's childhood home. The Rev. Mr. Parker caused the little Anglican Church to be built at Compton. During his rectorship the school ran badly into debt and nearly failed. His hard work enabled the school to survive as he succeeded in collecting contributions to pay off the debt. It was his dream to make K.H.C. an Anglican equivalent to the Roman Catholic convent school, but this did not work out and it remained a private school for girls. Times were never easy, Miss Parker remembers, as the fees were low and her father had to struggle constantly to keep the school going. The constant worry did not spoil the Rev. Mr. Parker's good humour, though, as he was very popular with the students who called him "Daddy" Parker.

What else did Miss Parker remember about those days? There were no uniforms, the girls wearing what they chose and apparently studying was not compulsory during study hour! Discipline was not lacking, however. Miss Parker remembers picking violets before class to soothe her music teacher. Roll call was held every evening and, as an honour system was in use, the girls had to own up to all their wrongs. Punishments were of the usual form. Among the sports were tennis and snowshoeing, and punting on the pond . . . which Miss Parker fell into in a brand new dress!

Miss Parker remembers winning only one prize at school, but she certainly went on to make a name for herself. When she left K.H.C., she went into training as a nurse at the Montreal General Hospital. After World War I, she started the first nursing school of its kind in Canada and the U.S.A. — the Parker School for Trained Attendants. She was the originator of the auxiliary nursing staff. The doctors backed her from the beginning, but the nurses, fearing a shortage of jobs for themselves, were against her both here and in the U.S.A. She persevered with her school, and not long ago had the satisfaction of hearing a prominent doctor say to her, "If we had all listened to you, there would be no shortage of nurses to-day."

DEIRDRE (MOTSON) STEVENSON

MARRIAGES

Sheila Bulman to John Duncan Myles, June 24, 1961.

Mary Pauline Reed to Rev. Harry Barrett, July 8, 1961.

Sandra Smith to Duncan MacCrimmon, August 26, 1961.

Barbara Cope to Dick Varney, August 26, 1961.

Anne Howard to Dr. Jewell Osterholm, September 9, 1961.

Tony Mitchell to Scott Griffin, September 9, 1961.
Gael Eakin to J. Plante, October 20, 1961.

Judy Perron to John Mollit, November 25, 1961.
Linda Grier to Colin Bergh, December 9, 1961.

Lally Kennedy to Craig Kamcke, December, 1961.
Anne Gale Davis to Enrico Natali, January, 1962.
Rosalind Punnett to John Grey Wilkinson, February 16, 1962.

Joan Sheard to William John Allday, April, 1962.
Susan Minnes to Dr. G. Palosche, April 2, 1962.
Judy St. George Hogwood to Michael Piercey.

Jane Cushing to Capt. John Brazeau, April 12, 1962.

Mary Bogert to John Sambrook, December 21, 1961.

Helen Hand, Joanne Dick and Susan Kilgour were married recently.

Deirdre Allen, Diana Daniels, Mary Warren, Elizabeth Angus and Nancy Glass are to be married shortly.

BIRTHS

Mr. and Mrs. Donald Budge (Anne McNally) a daughter, June 2, 1961.

Mr. and Mrs. M. E. Nixon (Libby Johnson) a son, June 2, 1960.

Mr. and Mrs. James Brodeur (Barbara Drummond) a daughter, June 11, 1961.

Mr. and Mrs. James McDougall (Willa Birks) a son, June 12, 1961.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Papadopoulos (Ann Henderson) a daughter, June 13, 1961.

Mr. and Mrs. F. A. G. Donaldson (Betty Gibbs) a son, June, 1961.

Mr. and Mrs. Carlo Abegg (Marie Strathy) a son, July 7, 1961.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Ballantyne (Joan Williams) a daughter, July 30, 1961.

Mr. and Mrs. S. Raper (Jill Pacaud) a son, July, 1961.

Mr. and Mrs. R. Parody (Helen Leduc) a daughter, August 16, 1961.

Dr. and Mrs. John Price (Nancy Beattie) a daughter, August 15, 1961.

Mr. and Mrs. Paul Winslow (Sally Scott) a son, August, 1961.

Mr. and Mrs. Denis Slattery (Keltie MacKinnon) a daughter, September 21, 1961.

Mr. and Mrs. Ross Smith (Diana Davis) a daughter, September 25, 1961.

Mr. and Mrs. E. Eldridge (Alison Mackenzie) a daughter, October 8, 1961.

Mr. and Mrs. John Armour (Bunty Mavor) a daughter, October 14, 1961.

Mr. and Mrs. Jean Togneri (Diana Drew) a daughter, October 16, 1961.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Loewen (Susan Chester) a son, October 22, 1961.

Mr. and Mrs. David Gregory (Ann Bourget) a daughter, October 31, 1961.

Mr. and Mrs. Alan Seymour (Andrea Russell) a daughter, November 21, 1961.

Dr. and Mrs. Kent Barber (Heather Allan) a son, November 21, 1961.

Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Ball (Saundray Bogert) a son, November 23, 1961.

Dr. and Mrs. William Van Alstyne (Ann Smith) a daughter, December 3, 1961.

Mr. and Mrs. John Impey (Patsy Creery) a son, December 17, 1961.

Mr. and Mrs. John Fetherstonhaugh (Cathy Ann Notman) a daughter, December 29, 1961.

Dr. and Mrs. Alan Forbes (Janie Robb) a son, January 25, 1962.

Mr. and Mrs. Auston (B. J. Newell) a daughter, February 4, 1962.

Mr. and Mrs. Yves Fortier (Carol Eaton) a daughter, February 14, 1962.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Findlay (Dorothy Johnstone) a son, February 17, 1962.

Mr. and Mrs. Bart McDougall (Janet Martin) a son, February 22, 1962.

Mr. and Mrs. B. Mitchell (Ann Cameron) a daughter, February 23, 1962.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard Cahil (Heather Morris) a son, March 6, 1962.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Bullen (Dolly Ann Arnold) a daughter, August 21, 1961.

DEATHS

Miss M. L. Parker, June 4, 1961.

King's Hall Compton Old Girl's Association

BALANCE SHEET As at February 28th, 1962 ASSETS

CASH:

General fund.....	\$ 520.86	
Life membership fund.....	800.79	\$ 1,321.65
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INVESTMENTS, at cost

\$4,000 Loblaw Leased Properties Ltd. 5-1/2%, April 1st, 1983.....	\$ 4,022.50	
\$500 B.C. Telephone Co., 6%, September 15th, 1984.....	500.00	
\$500 Hydro Electric Power Commission of Ontario, 5-1/2%, February 15th, 1981.....	500.92	5,023.42
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REPRESENTING:

General Fund:

Balance at beginning of year.....	\$ 3,717.35	
Less: Net loss 1961-62 — statement attached.....	42.28	\$ 3,675.07
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Life Membership Fund (Fees received):

Balance at beginning of year.....	\$ 2,360.00	
Life Membership fees — 1961-62.....	310.00	2,670.00
	<hr/>	
		\$ 6,345.07

Respectfully submitted,

ROBIN LEBARON,

Treasurer.

GLENDINNING, CAMPBELL, JARRETT & DEVER
Chartered Accountants, Auditors

Montreal, May 3rd, 1962.

**STATEMENT OF INCOME AND EXPENDITURE
For the year ended February 28th, 1962
GENERAL FUND**

INCOME:

Membership fees.....	\$ 603.80
Receipts — teas and luncheons.....	351.50
Interest on bonds.....	293.50
Bank interest and exchange.....	24.21

EXPENDITURE:

Supplies.....	\$ 32.98
Teas and luncheons.....	329.80
Travelling expenses.....	20.15
Magazines.....	312.50
Bedspreads.....	480.45
Miscellaneous.....	129.41
Laura Joll prize.....	10.00

EXCESS OF EXPENDITURE OVER INCOME.....	\$ 42.28
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Exchanges

LEEDS GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL: Leeds, England.
 ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE REVIEW: St. Andrew's Aurora, Ont.
 EDGEHILL REVIEW: Edgehill School, Windsor, N.S.
 LUDEMOS: Havergal College, Toronto, Ont.
 BISHOP STRACHAN SCHOOL MAGAZINE: Bishop Strachan School, Toronto, Ont.
 LAMPADA: Lachute High School, Lachute, Que.
 THE BEAVER LOG: Miss Edgar's and Miss Cramp's School, Montreal, Que.
 THE TALLOW DIP: Netherwood, Rothesay, N.B.
 THE CROFTONIAN: Crofton House, Vancouver, B.C.
 THE BRANKSOME SLOGAN: Branksome Hall, Toronto, Ont.
 THE BLUE AND WHITE: Rothesay School, Rothesay, N.B.
 THE PIBROCH: Strathallen School, Hamilton, Ont.
 THE MITRE: Bishop's University, Lennoxville, Que.
 THE BISHOP'S COLLEGE SCHOOL MAGAZINE: Bishop's College School, Lennoxville, Que.
 TECHNICAL COLLEGE INSTITUTE: Saskatoon, Sask.
 SAMARA: Elmwood School, Ottawa, Ont.
 INTRA MUROS: St. Clement's School, Toronto, Ont.
 THE RECORD: Trinity College School, Port Hope, Ont.
 THE ASHBURIAN: Ashbury College School, Ottawa, Ont.
 THE GROVE CHRONICAL: Lakefield, Ont.
 THE ALMAPHALIAN: Alma College, St. Thomas, Ont.
 THE BALMORAL HALL MAGAZINE: Balmoral Hall, Winnipeg, Man.
 THE CHRONICLE: The Study, Montreal, Que.
 THE ALIBI: Albert College, Belleville, Ont.
 THE BOAR: Hillfield School, Hamilton, Ont.
 TRAFALGAR ECHOES: Trafalgar School, Montreal, Que.
 BLUE AND WHITE: Walkerville Collegiate Institute, Windsor, Ont.
 THE LYRE: Lennoxville High School, Lennoxville, Que.
 POSTSCRIPT: The North Hastings High School, Bancroft, Ont.

School Directory

A. Aboud, 2270 Ainsley Crescent, Town of Mt. Royal, P.Q.
 J. Aitken, Apartado 1789, Caracas, Venezuela, S.A.
 S. Allan, P.O. Box 189, Windsor Mills, P.Q.
 G. Angus, 699 Aberdeen Avenue, Westmount, P.Q.
 C. Archer, 1450 Richelieu Road, Richelieu, P.Q.
 J. Baggs, 7 East Gables Court, Beaconsfield, P.Q.
 J. Balloch, Liverpool, N.S.
 P. Balloch, Liverpool, N.S.
 D. Bignell, Lake Beauport, P.Q.
 B. Blackader, 7 Ramezay Road, Montreal 6, P.Q.
 S. Brainerd, 18 Richelieu Place, Montreal, P.Q.
 B. Bryant, Cedar House, R.R. 3, Magog, P.Q.
 D. Bryant, Cedar House, R.R. 3, Magog, P.Q.
 S. Buchan, 11 Gainsborough Avenue, Kingston 6, Jamaica, B.W.I.
 F. Buchanan, 12 Simcoe Avenue, Montreal 16, P.Q.
 F. Budden, 238 Clemow Avenue, Ottawa, Ont.
 J. Burgoyne, 59 Yates Street, St. Catharines, Ont.
 C. Campbell, 2660 The Boulevard, Westmount, P.Q.
 M. Cape, 9045 Gouin Blvd., Saraguay, Montreal, P.Q.
 W. Card, 22 Coronation Crescent, Cobourg, Ont.
 R. Caridi, Apartado Aereo 110, Barranquilla, S.A.
 S. Caridi, Apartado Aereo 110, Barranquilla, S.A.
 M. Cassils, R.R. 1, St. Sauveur des Monts, P.Q.
 M. Chapman, 304 Rose Park Drive, Toronto, Ont.
 S. Clark, 89 Summer Street, Summerside, P.E.I.
 J. Clarke, Brush Hill Road, Stowe, Vermont, U.S.A.
 J. Collin, Box 43, Hudson, P.Q.
 M. Conduit, 281 Bessborough Drive, Toronto 17, Ont.
 C. Cook, 11117 Waycroft Way, Rockville, Maryland, U.S.A.
 E. Cook, 36 Forest Road, St. John's, Nfld.
 A. Cowans, 3061 The Boulevard, Westmount, P.Q.
 L. Cowans, 3061 The Boulevard, Westmount, P.Q.
 M. Cowen, 27 Richelieu Road, Fort Chamblay, P.Q.
 B. Cox, R.R. 1, Box 208, Hudson, P.Q.
 S. Cross, 38 Golf Avenue, Pointe Claire, P.Q.
 T. Cross, 440 East 57th Street, Sutton Place, New York, N.Y.
 D. Dawes, 357 Stanstead Avenue, Town of Mt. Royal, P.Q.
 C. Dewar, 30 Dunn Street, Oakville, Ont.
 N. D. Doheny, 18 Aberdeen Avenue, Westmount, P.Q.
 A. Donald, 267 Sulpher Springs Road, Ancaster, Ont.
 M. Douglas, 29 Donwood Drive, Toronto, Ont.
 N. Druce, Glen Harbour, R.R. 3, Magog, P.Q.
 V. Druce, Glen Harbour, R.R. 3, Magog, P.Q.
 H. Dupont, 766 Upper Lansdowne Avenue, Westmount, P.Q.
 J. Eardley, P.O. Box 644, Nassau, Bahamas
 C. Eke, 37 Helett Lane, Port Washington, New York, U.S.A.
 L. Ellson, Tandalee Farm, Knowlton, P.Q.
 A. Evans, Bishop's College School, Lennoxville, P.Q.
 S. Finch, 1603 Clarkson Road, Clarkson, Ont.
 P. Fletcher, 167 Academy Street, Danville, P.Q.
 M. Fox, 111 Stratford Road, Hampstead, P.Q.
 J. Francis, Besbiens, County Lake St. John, P.Q.
 E. Franklin, 490 Dufferin Street, Sherbrooke, P.Q.
 L. Fraser, 71 Champlain Street, Baie Come, P.Q.
 D. Gale, c/o Demerara Bauxite Co., Mackenzie, British Guiana, S.A.
 S. Galt, 765 Lexington Avenue, Westmount, P.Q.
 C. Gibson, 26 Richelieu Road, Fort Chamblay, P.Q.
 D. Gill, 170 Lansdowne Road, Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa, Ont.
 D. Glass, Bishop's University, Lennoxville, P.Q.
 M. Glen, 2012 Lakeshore Road, Baie d'Urfee, P.Q.
 A. Gordon, 144 Broadview Avenue, Pointe Claire, P.Q.
 C. Gordon, 3122 Daulac Road, Montreal 6, P.Q.
 S. Graham, 56 Belvedere Circle, Westmount, P.Q.
 M. Grant, 152 Minto Place, Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa, Ont.
 J. Hamilton, 1529 West 35th Avenue, Vancouver 13, B.C.
 S. Hamilton, 1529 West 35th Avenue, Vancouver 13, B.C.
 E. Hampson, 16 Strathcona Drive, Town of Mt. Royal, P.Q.
 A. Harrison, 1814 Rue St. Michael, Quebec 6, P.Q.
 H. Haslam, Cobblestone Farm, Hamilton, New York, U.S.A.
 D. Hornig, R.R. 1, Austin, P.Q.
 S. Hutchins, 3455 Stanley Street, Apt. 312, Montreal, P.Q.
 A. Jellicoe, Bishop's University, Lennoxville, P.Q.
 H. Kirkby, Mackenzie, British Guiana, S.A.
 C. Lawson, 300 Acacia Avenue, Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa, Ont.
 W. Leggat, 609 Berwick Avenue, Town of Mt. Royal, P.Q.
 G. Leslie, R. R. 2, Picton, Picton County, N.S.
 J. Leslie, R. R. 2, Picton, Picton County, N.S.
 K. MacCulloch, Box 283, Bedford, N.S.
 A. MacDonald, 28 Senneville Road, Senneville, P.Q.
 N. MacDonald, 28 Senneville Road, Senneville, P.Q.
 K. Mackay, Creole Petroleum Corp. Aptdo 889, Caracas, Venezuela, S.A.
 C. MacLatchy, 109 Reid Avenue, Ottawa 3, Ont.
 E. Maonaughton, 7 Redpath Row, Montreal, P.Q.
 W. Magee, 500 Roslyn Avenue, Westmount, P.Q.
 C. Malabre, c/o Demerara Bauxite, Mackenzie, British Guiana, S.A.
 E. Malabre, c/o Demerara Bauxite, Mackenzie, British Guiana, S.A.
 S. Marpole, Wyndward, Como, P.Q.
 M. Matthews, 86 Queen Street, Lennoxville, P.Q.
 S. McCain, 23 Granville Road, Hampstead, P.Q.
 C. McDermid, 1356 Montreal Avenue, Calgary, Alta.
 D. McLernon, 30 Stanton Avenue, Apt. 606, Westmount, P.Q.
 J. McMaster, 3141 Daulac Road, Montreal, P.Q.
 S. Miller, 4 Islesmere Gardens, Ste Dorothée, P.Q.
 K. Mills, 4313 Montrose Avenue, Westmount 6, P.Q.
 B. Monk, 131 McMichael Street, Kingston, Ont.
 A. Moore, 32 Range Road, Rockcliffe Park, Ottawa, Ont.
 P. Morgan, 348 Revere Avenue, Town of Mt. Royal, P.Q.
 A. Newman, 3302 Cedar Avenue, Westmount, P.Q.
 S. O'Brien, 17 Grove Park, Westmount, P.Q.
 E. Oliver, "Bencoolen," Lodge Hill, St. Michael, Barbados, B.W.I.
 M. Pacaud, Spring Hill, Magog, P.Q.
 J. Parke, Governor's Road, Dundas, Ont.
 J. Parke, Governor's Road, Dundas, Ont.
 A. Paton, 350 Stanstead Avenue, Town of Mt. Royal, P.Q.
 L. Peck, 575 Lansdowne Avenue, Westmount, P.Q.
 C. Philpott, 233 Wellington Crescent, Winnipeg, Man.
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WHO TO HER OLD FATHER DID SAY
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our school,
And we value at last that loved golden rule.

Although we look back with some fears
of regret,
In the years to come we'll have memories
yet.
So we'll smile as we take the places we've
earned,
And give thanks to our school for the
things we have learned.

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With
Best Wishes
from
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TO BOB, BIG JEAN, LOU, RALPH AND BILL
WHO SHOW THE HABS ARE OUT TO KILL.
BEST WISHES TO "TOE" FOR '63:
CANADIENS'LL BRING THE CUP HOME—WAIT AND SEE!

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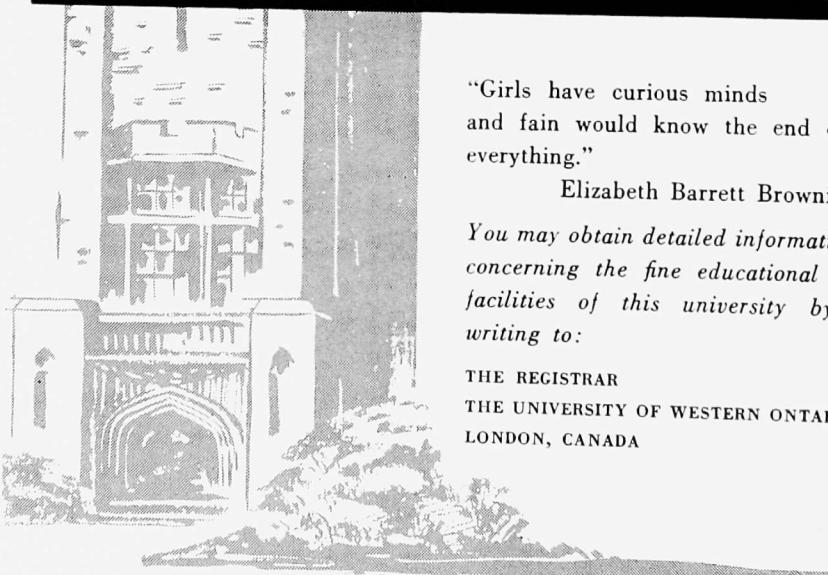
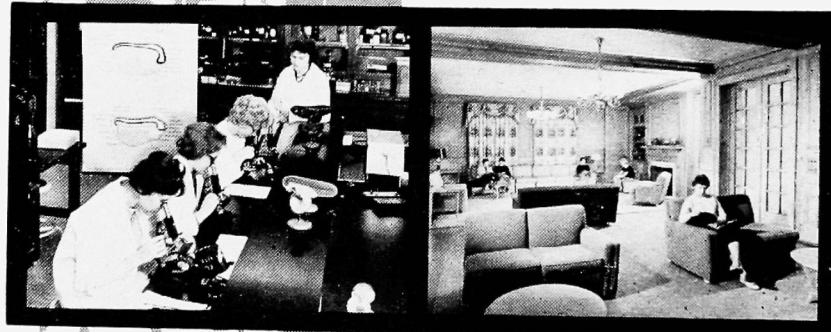
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young
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fate, but in ours.

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1. *Read your newspaper every day.* Make newspaper reading a daily habit, like eating dinner. Don't miss a daily installment in its story of the world.
2. *Don't be headline-happy.* Headlines give you only what's on the menu. You can pick your meal from a menu but, for pleasure or profit, you have to eat it.
3. *Don't be page-one-happy.* Don't read merely the first page. Your news may be inside. There's more news inside than on page one; for you, it may be *better* news.
4. *Don't be one-subject-happy.* The one-noters read their sports, crime news or comics for entertainment. Sticking to their chief interests, they're picking up pennies, leaving dollars.
5. *Be a fact-seeker.* Look to the news columns, first, for your facts. Then play the game of checking up on the columnists and editorial writers. You may be the better thinker.
6. *Read with both eyes.* Note qualifying words and attributions. Don't take a charge for a conviction, a rumor for a fact, or a plan for an accomplishment.
7. *Don't be a reading coward.* It takes a knowledge of both sides to make up your mind easily. Don't be afraid to read opinion at complete variance with your own.
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ST. CATHARINES, ONTARIO

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For the mag. of K.H.C.

Here's a page from all V B.



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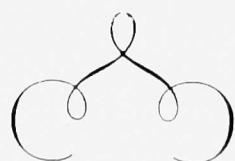
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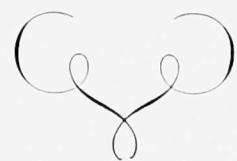
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AS SOON AS YOU ARE DEAD . . .
EITHER WRITE THINGS WORTH READING
OR DO THINGS WORTH THE WRITING."

Benjamin Franklin
Poor Richard's Almanack

The "Teen Talk" page in The Gazette follows the tradition of "writing things worth reading" begun in 1778 when The Gazette was founded under the sponsorship of Benjamin Franklin. In adding worthwhile information on your special interests to that of events in a fast-changing world, The Gazette keeps you informed and offers the possibility of continuing education long after your formal schooling has ended . . . so that, perhaps for you, the "reading" may become the "doing" of "things worth the writing".



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SINCE 1896

TO H. FROM S.

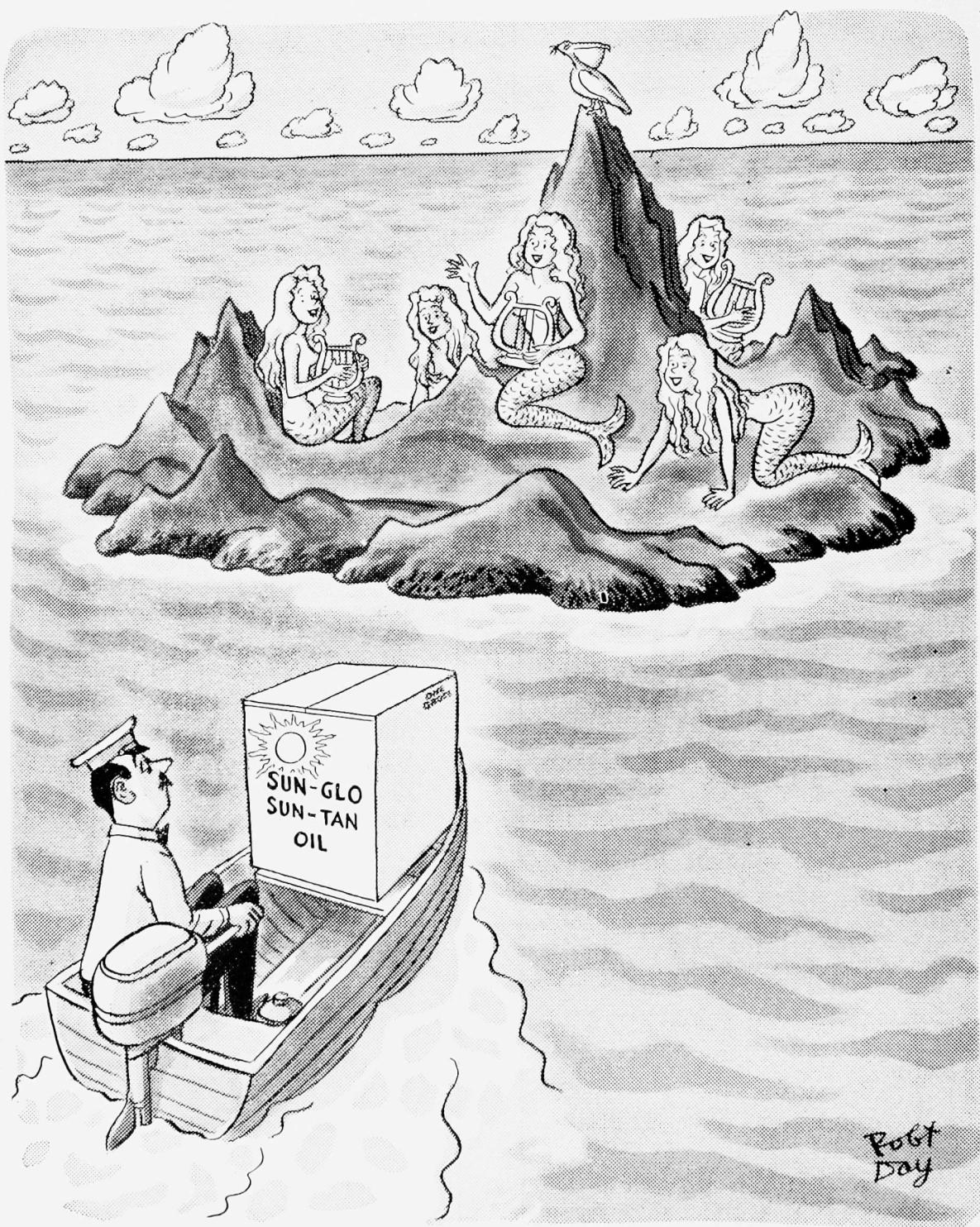
Wake, wake, wake,
To the cold grey dawn of Harryite ?
And I would that my tongue could utter
The dreams that I had last night.

Oh well for the early class bell,
When I shout to you at your play,
Oh well for the series of classes
That seem never to end through the day.

And the lengthy hours keep on
While I sit, and dreams my mind fill
But oh for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still.

(With apologies to A. Lord Tennyson)





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THIS ONE, WE HEAR, GETS RATHER CROSS AT TIMES
AND THAT, MY DEAR, JUST CANNOT COMPREHEND
THE FUN, 'TIS CLEAR, OF CHILDISH CHEEKY MIMES
OR SO, NO DOUBT, SHE FEELS SHE MUST PRETEND:
BUT NOW — A WELL-EARNED REST UNTIL THE FALL
I PRAY, FOR YOU, SWEET MENTORS OF KING'S HALL.

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to All the IV A's



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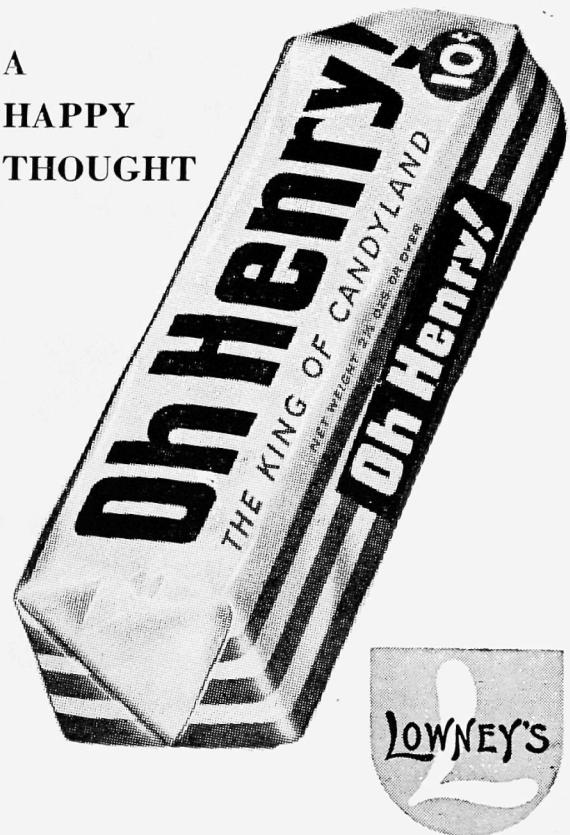
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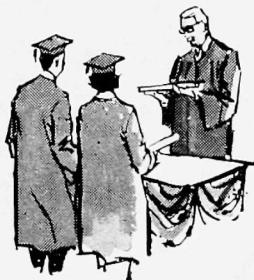
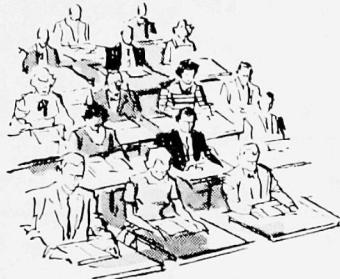
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VI A

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3
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for
Bango!



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from
MISS B.



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